THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 9. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MORAN'S MUSCLE.

The Little Judge Gives "Eternal Fits" to the "Patriotic" Bigots at the U. C. L. A. Banquet.

He is Well Seconded by the Eloquent E. O. Brown.

The Union Catholic Library Association held its annual banquet in celebration of Washington's birthday at the Auditorium Monday night. A special dispensation had been granted to the members of the association to hold their banquet within the limits of the season of fasting and abstinence. Toward 7 o'clock the guests appeared in the south parlor in the Auditorium. At 8 o'clock they passed through the rooms and mounted the elevators to the banquet hall, where thousands of electric lights glittered. On the platform the orchestra was perched, evolving patriotic strains as the brilliantly attired guests entered the green and gold banquet hall. Nearly 200 sat down and all heads were bowed as President Charles A. Mair said grace in the old fashioned way. Then the clatter of soup plates was drowned in the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Patriotism was in the air and many anecdotes of Washington were told.

This was the menu, simple in deference of the Lenten season:

Consomme Prince Eugene.
Celery.
Small patties of sweat breads.
Filet of beef, Cavour style.
Browned new potatoes. String beans.
Chicken saute, a la Madeline.
French peas.
Maraschino punch.
Roast quail, with jelly.
Dressed lettuce.
Pudding, sabayon sauce.
Fancy ice creams.
Cake. Fruit.
Coffee.

After coffee President Mair again rose and gave thanks. Then in a few appropriate words he proposed a toast which was not on the programme—that of "His Holiness, the Pope." Every guest stood in response to the toast and as a mark of respect to the head of the Catholic church.

JUDGE MORAN SPOKE FIRST.

Judge Moran acted as the toastmaster of the evening and he began the oratory by referring to the pleasant practice of the literary association of celebrating Washington's birthday by a banquet every year. This was the seventh celebration and he said that no mere personal praise of Washington would be indulged in. The institutions of this country had been built upon the solid foundation first planted in Washington's days. "Not only are we here to appreciate the work of Washington," he said, "but we are joined together in one bond—that of Catholicism. What grander combination could there be than that of Catholic and American? The holy name of American was often trampled upon by the bigot and the fanatic for the purpose of denying everything American and everything patriotic. There is a body of men calling themselves Patriotic Sons of America, teachers and preachers alike, taking that livery of heaven in a political sense, degrading the sacred name of the country and dragging its traditions and its liberty into the dust. Catholics always will protect and defend the religious liberty of Protestants. We would make sacrifice for them willingly and freely in order to keep them as brothers. But the bigots and fanatics revel under the name of America merely to attack from sheer ignorance the religious liberty of Catholics. We have nothing to fear, however, from this lowest sect of Protestants, who are never happy unless they are attacking us. It is merely ignorance, fanaticism and bigotry sporting under American names, and reducing in the eyes of the world that glorious privilege of freedom, religious, social and political, that we are supposed to enjoy."

Adolphus W. Green responded to the toast of "The Ideal Citizen." In a humorous way he described the difficulties attendant upon a dissertation of a subject on which he knew nothing. He said he could have spoken better on another toast. In the first place, it was necessary to have imagination in dealing with the subject. Imagination he did not possess. In the next place, the ideal citizen had never been seen, but the speaker said that it became members of the Union Catholic Library Association to celebrate the birthday of one who came nearest to the ideal of a citizen—George Washington. Rather would the speaker prefer to talk of the live citizen. Then he passed for a moment to municipal affairs. "The papers of Chicago," he said, "say that gambling is rife in the city. The police say they do not see any. There is a doubt whether the world's fair will be on land or on water. But Chicago will have its world's fair." In conclusion the speaker said it was well that here in this home of exiles from other lands George Washington's name should be celebrated as it was this night by the Union Catholic Library Association.

CATHOLICISM AND DEMOCRACY.

In response to the toast, "The Catholic Church and Democracy," Edward Osgood Brown spoke as follows:

"In accordance with the custom of our society we are assembled here on this anniversary day to emphasize that proposition we naturally are so fond of making and insisting upon; that we Catholics, to the same extent as our Protestant fellows, are faithful and patriotic citizens of the American republic, interested and sharing in its history and its traditions, its founders and its heroes. This is wise and well, but nevertheless for a few moments I would call your attention and your minds away from the glories and associations of the past to the more vital problems of the present and future; away from the self-congratulation and self complacency with which we regard our position as Catholics in relation to the contest of Americans more than a hundred years ago for liberty and justice, to the position which we are maintaining now towards the struggle of the common people everywhere for the same great ends. None but bigots and fanatics think now of denying that Catholics can be and are loyal citizens of our state and nation, prompt to defend and eager to serve their material interests. Not, therefore, as flinging back the lie into the faces of this section of our Protestant fellow citizens, is it necessary longer to recall by formal celebration and memorial our patriotic ancestors; to remind them of the Catholics who put their names to the declaration of independence, or braved with him whose birthday we are celebrating, the perils and hardships of the revolution. Let us realize to ourselves what it is that makes us revere the names of Washington and his associates. Now that all men praise them as the wise founders of a new nation, we may forget that these men became so, and thus entitled to our reverent remembrance and admiration, because they were first the enemies and disturbers of a social and political order which they deemed unjust and tyrannical—a social and political order which they overthrew at the cost of a long and bloody war.

WAS A REBELLION BY RADICALS

"It was a radical declaration of democracy and human rights, at which organized society abroad stood aghast, to which Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, set his hand, on July 4, 1776; it was in a revolt against existing conditions that the Catholic soldiers of the revolution gave up their lives on every battlefield from Maine to Georgia. It was not because after their immediate object had been gained Washington and his associates left in existence chattel slavery, or forbore to attack the immemorial privileges of a landed aristocracy, that all men praise them now; it is that which they did in opposition to custom, to established rule, and to that which had been known as vested right, which has made them to us the objects of affectionate veneration. I allude to this only to emphasize my point that the danger and the temptation which beset us American Catholics today is the temptation to believe that the cause of the Catholic church is so much the cause of existing social order, of peace, of tranquility, of established privileges and immunities, that it is not and cannot be the cause of liberty, of social reform and regeneration, the cause, in a word, of the people, of democracy!

"The doctrine that Catholics must be monarchists, not republicans; tories, not whigs, has been relegated to the limbo of historical absurdities; the idea that they cannot consistently be social reformers, enemies of existing social conditions—agitators, disturbers, if you will—liberaberators and emancipators I prefer to call them—is too strong among us still.

"To those who thus believe I commend the language of an eloquent prelate before the centennial conference of Catholics at Baltimore, which you will find aptly quoted on your dinner cards beneath the toast to which I am responding: 'This is essentially the age of democracy. Woe to religion where this fact is not understood.' And by democracy the bishop meant what I mean tonight—not a mere formal acknowledgement of a republican form of goverument, or even of universal suffrage, but democracy in its true meaning of the full development of the rights and the brotherhood of man—the grand doctrine of our immortal declaration of independence that all men are born equal in rights and should be equal in opportunity.

DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH.

"The heart of the church, the essence of its teaching, is democracy in the fullest and widest sense, and has been so. Because Catholics have found in their faith a spring of energy which enabled them to die gladly that they might help and save the meanest of their enemies—because they brought brotherhood to the slave, help to the sick, food to the starving, and eternal hope to the lives of men, the church once transformed the world! The Catholic church is the great social democracy of the ages. No accident of birth or fortune ever barred the way on her human side to her offices and dignities, while, on the spiritual and divine, she has held up to all men ever the idea of the common fatherhood of God, the common brotherhood of man, and has shared in the sacred wafer with the humblest savage neophyte, all that she could do for the mightiest kings of earth. And so in the new era of democracy that is upon us, the era in which the hitherto blinded, stumbling, struggling, common people are coming to a realization of their social and industrial rights and a determination, despite the opposition of their oppressors and enemies, to enjoy them—the church will be (to doubt it were here sy and impiety!) upon the side of liberty and progress, upon the side of freedom and democracy. Let us here, in this new home of democracy, be in the vanguard of the fight. We need not fear that our radical democracy will conflict with our Catholicity. It is hardly a year ago when the holy father, to the appeal that he should seek to unite all who cared for the welfare of the workmen in support of the abolition of child labor, of the elevation of the working woman, of the establishment of Sunday rest and a shorter working day, and of the abolition of taxation to support the armies of Europe, replied that the public weal, justice and natural right cried out for the establishment of these demands.

"Look around us! Cardinal Lavigerie begins a new crusade against African slavery; Cardinal Manning (the grandest and noblest act of his grand and noble life) stands for the dock laborers of London against their oppression by plutocrats and tyrants; Cardinal Gibbons defends the Knights of Labor; the learned bishop of Meath, denounces, in no half-hearted or apologetic language, the curse of landlordism—the absorption by individuals of the unearned increment that belongs to society! We are living under a democratic form of government, it is true, but democracy is far from triumphant. Equality of opportunity is very far from having been secured. Existing social conditions are sad and terrible—the life of the toiling millions is still here, as everywhere, stunted and embittered. I am not asking you here tonight to adopt any particular solution of the great questions which the rising tide of democracy is bringing, perforce, to our minds. But I do ask you not to pass them in cowardly supineness by; not to cry in timid conservatism, 'peace, peace,' when there is no peace; not in the mockery of religious words to lay upon God the responsibility for the material wretchedness and misery in the world today.

ASSURANCE OF A WAY TO JUSTICE.

"Believe me, there is a way out; a way for the establishment of society on the basis of justice. Think of it; search for it; pray for it; find it and then work for it! Thus, as Americans who profess to be democrats—as Catholics who profess to be proud of patriotic and revolutionary sires—we shall be rising to the height of our opportunities and our professions. In conclusion, let me quote the words of one who is neither a Catholic nor an American, but who, at once the friend and admirer of the great cardinal archbishop of Westminster, has imbibed something of his sympathies and his faith: 'In the great church of the Gesu at Rome, where Ignatius Loyola lies enshrined in one of the most splendid temples reared by human devotion to the memory of its benefactors, two sculptured groups attract the eye of every visitor. One, to the right of the altar beneath which rest the ashes of the saint, represents the "Destruction of Paganism," the other, on the left, the extirpation of heresy. The destroying angels, full of savage energy, smite and spare not as they fall upon the enemies of the church. Some day not in the distant future a new and stately temple may arise over the tomb of another saint, to whom has been reserved the glory of launching the thunderbolt against pauperism and prostitution, against intemperance and slavery. It is no vain dream that such a new Loyola may arise within the pale of the Roman Catholic church.'"

Richard W. Morrison responded to the toast of "The Ladies." The speaker grew eloquent over the fair sex, whom he said men were made to adore and worship, and who were as heavenly rays of light dispelling the shadows of man's existence. Mr. Morrison did not believe that there was one man present at the banquet who did not owe his success in life to the love of the woman whom he called his wife. Woman had always been the patroness of the arts and the sciences and the inspirer of poetry and in all paths of life was the guiding influence.

Immediately after the toasts the guests adjourned to the parlors while the floor of the banquet hall was prepared for dancing. Up in the balcony Prof. Hand prepared for Strauss, and in a few moments the scene of the banquet was changed to one of fluttering figures gliding over the polished floor.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. C A. Paulzer, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Furthmann, Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Shay, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cavanaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cremin, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll. Misses Josie Murphy, Green, Alice Coffey, Maud Clifford, M. Bremner, Dennison, A. Graham, Jackson, Kate Coffey, Mamie Higgins, May Ford, L Mc Gillen, N. Weadley, May Powell, Minnie Rend, Belle Bremner, Martha Eagle, and Irwin. Messrs. T. A. Moran, Charles A. Mair, Thomas Brennan, W. J. Jefferson, E. E. S. Eagle, P. W. Jackson, Walt Weadley, Mason Duffy, J. R Ford, John Irwin, Charles Prindiville, W. J. English, James Conlan, Jr., J. J. Shay, J. A. Meath, D.M. McKindly, R. W. Morrison, George J. Powell, Frank Bee, J. R Healey, Wm. Fogarty, E. O. Brown, Will Jefferson, James Bremner, John E. Murphy, M St. P. Thomas, Joe Weadley, Joseph Rend, John Kenselia, George Cook, and John Carroll.

About midnight Strauss was dropped and the dancing part of the programme was concluded.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Division No. 1 H. O. H., of East St. Louis, Ill.:

WHEREAS, An all wise Providence, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from among us our beloved friend and brother, Michael Hurley, Sr.; and,

WHEREAS, While we bow in humble submission to the decrees of our Heavenly Father we cannot refrain from expressing our profound sorrow for the loss of one alike universally respected and beloved; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Hurley this Division has sustained the loss of one of its oldest and most zealous members, the church a devout adherent, the community an honest and upright citizen, and his family an affectionate husband and father; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender the family of our deceased brother our most profound sympathy in this their sad hour of affliction, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Division, a copy sent to the family of our deceased brother, a copy to the *Western Hibernian* and to THE CITIZEN of Chicago for publication, and that our charter be draped for the period of thirty days.

PATRICK KERRIGAN,
M. J. CARROLL,
DANIEL MCGLYNN,
Committee.

A Chance to Make Money.

I feel it my duty to inform others of my success plating spoons, castors, jewelry, etc. The first week I cleared $27 50, and in three weeks $80. By addressing the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., you can get circulars. Six months ago I was poor, I now have a nice home and bank account all the product of $3 invested in a Plater. A READER.

"TAKE IT EASY."

That is What Eleanor Kirk Virtually Advises Her Fellow Country-Women to do.

This Advice, However, Does Not Cover the Vice of "Shopping" and Other Nuisances.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Feb. 23.—"Do you not think it would be quite as well if there were some things that women did not know how to do?"

This was certainly a novel idea, and when I had read this sentence I stopped a moment to consider. When I glanced again at the communication I was prepared for the following:

"I allude particularly to housekeepers"—my correspondent went on. "Most women who have the care of families are ashamed to have it said that there is anything from ironing a shirt to the preparation of the most involved patie or croquette that they are not equal to. This on another scale is true of the woman who does her own work, and it really seems to me that these slaves of the broom, the washtub and the dishpan are forever trying to find new recipes to experiment with, and new frills to wash and iron. To make a personal matter of it I will say that there are some things that I would never learn to do. One of these things was to operate a sewing machine. I had sufficient sense to know that the motion of the treadle could not fail to be hurtful to certain organs which were occasioning me considerable trouble. The consequence of this ignorance on my part was the occasional employment of a competent seamstress who relieves me of much labor and a world of care. Again, I never would learn to make bread, although your recipe and directions have sometimes sorely tempted me. But so far I have been enabled to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and go my way rejoicing. If I have a cook who is a competent bread maker, I am much pleased. When she leaves—as cooks do occasionally—I buy my bread. If I knew how to make it there would be a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the whole family, and the influence would be too strong to resist. But now I am not expected to make bread, and I can take this time for the last magazine, or a new novel, or the making of some pretty fancy work. This will be to you, I suppose, abominably heterodox doctrine, but ignorance in such matters has been my greatest help."

There is something very fetching in my correspondent's argument. If one hasn't sufficient strength of character to refrain from doing injurious things, then it is certainly better not to know how to do them. There is no work more exacting than housework, and unless women do draw the line at things they will not do, they may expect to be miserable invalids all days of their lives. Personally I should prefer to know how to make bread and to run a sewing machine, but my readers can take their choice.

Plate cloths for the dinner table are now used instead of fancy napkins, which have been in vogue for some time. They are made of linen, embroidered according to taste, neatly hemstiched, and are intended to cover the edge of the table. They are worked with white wash silk, and are a few inches larger than the dinner plate. These articles are the easiest things in the world to do up, and are as artistic as they are useful.

The complaints concerning the crocking and stretching qualities of dress linings are numberless. There is not the slightest excuse for some of this growling, for when women will buy the most expensive materials for the outside of their gowns and the cheapest and the sleaziest for the inside, they have no right to expect satisfactory results. I have often been amused at the penuriousness of rich shoppers in this regard. To see them buy poor linings, in fact poor everything that was not intended for public inspection, is a study in domestic ignorance and shiftlessness. Now let me say that the lining of a gown is to this garment what the foundation of a house is to the superstructure. A first-class dressmaker would no sooner make a dress over an unsatisfactory lining than an architect would build a house over an uncertain ground work. There is no need in these days of progress for women to wear linings that stretch, linings that crock, or linings that will not wear as long as the outside material. If my friends will always ask for Gilbert's dress linings and will look for this name on the selvege, they will never be disappointed. The Gilbert black linings do not crock, and were never known to stretch or pull out of shape, not even when out on the bias. The same is true of all other colors. I give the information out of my own experience, as I never see any other lining, and consequently know exactly what I am talking about.

To persist in using the old fashioned ware in cooking is to be very foolish. Iron ware is heavy, hard to keep clean, and sure to scorch the best prepared edibles unless constantly watched. Then one cannot take hold of an iron pot pithout soiling one's fingers. "Young Wife" writes me a wailing letter. She is expected to use in the home of her husband's mother all the "old iron truck that has been in the family for generations," and she cannot produce anything fit to eat. The kitchen of her own home was well stocked with Agate Iron Ware, and she cannot remember ever seeing there "a single disgusting old iron pot or rusty tin pan." Of course "Young Wife" asks my advice. If I were in her place I would *strike*. I would positively refuse to cook until I had some thing decent to cook in. I would not cry as she does, either. I would fold my hands and let things take their course. There is nothing ever invented so light, so cleanly, so safe, so esthetic, so inspiring as Agate Iron Ware, and if "Young Wife" has an atom of common sense she'll hold the fort until the rusty, smooching iron pots go out and the new vessels come in.

"As you seem to have the interests of women vitally at heart, I wish to ask some advice in regard to my physical condition," a lady writes me from Rochester, N.Y. "There is nothing apparently the matter with me. I eat enough, sleep enough and weigh enough, but I am tired all the time, and my eyes are very troublesome. They ache and water when I use them much, and a lady doctor told my mother that this was caused by a chronic condition of constipation. It doesn't seem to me that a little thing of that kind would make one's eyes ache or produce the weariness which I suffer from. What do you think?"

I think that our young women need some practical lessons in physiology, not physiology as studied from uninteresting text books and explained by teachers who know no more of the subject than the pupils. It is a shame that such dense ignorance prevails on subjects which should be perfectly understood by girls 10 years old. My correspondent is fortunate that her state is no worse. Get Dr. Walker's simplified physiology and read it, and use the unmedicated glycerine suppositories until they have assisted nature to perform properly her functions. When the trouble arises from compactient of the lower bowel these suppositories always do the work. Remember, unmedicated. The medicated are about as harmful as any other strong cathartic treatment.

The New York *Ledger* for Feb. 7 contains the opening of a vivid and exciting story entitled "Under a Cloud" by that gifted writer, Miss Jean Kate Ludlum. The paper is as usual full of interest and talent. ELEANOR KIRK.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

O'Connor Power, the renegade Irish Nationalist, has been selected as the Gladstonian candidate for South Monmouthshire.

Head Constable Colleary, Galway, committed suicide recently. He had been drinking hard.

Two sad fatalities in connection with the Shrovetide festivities are reported from the Roscarberry district. Mrs. Donovan, the wife of a farmer, was returning from a wedding on a side car driven by her son, and when turning a sharp corner it was upset. The poor woman was thrown to the ground and instantly killed. On Saturday night at the wedding of a schoolmaster, at Roscarberry, one of the guests, a blacksmith named Hayes, of Dunmanway, was dancing, when he fell to the floor dead.

An extremely large and enthusiastic meeting in favor of Mr. Parnell's leadership was held at Stradbally on Feb. 8. William Redmond, M.P., was the principal speaker.

At a large and representative meeting of the Waterford Parnell Leadership Committee the high sheriff, Capt. Toole, proposed the following resolution; "That we call upon Mr. Parnell's parliamentary followers to listen to no whisper of a compromise which will not make it clear to the world that the independence of the Irish party has not suffered from the insidious attempts made by English leaders to crush it as a great political force."

A meeting of the Parnell Leadership Committee was held at Naas on Feb. 8, P. J. Bermingham, C. T. C., presiding. There was a very large attendance of the townspeople. The following address, proposed by Bernard Wheeler, town commissioner, and seconded by Michael Collins, was ordered sent to Mr. Parnell: "That we, Nationalists of Naas, beg again to renew our unalterable confidence in your political honesty and great statesmanship, and we call upon you to stand firm by the position you occupy in the hearts of all lovers of freedom as leader of the Irish race."

At a recent meeting of the Newry Parnell Leadership Council it was resolved that Mr. Parnell must not, under any circumstances whatever, even temporarily retire from the position of leader of the Irish people.

On the 8th inst., at a meeting of the Donagh (Innishowen) Branch of the Irish National League, resolutions were passed calling on Mr. Parnell, in view of the vital interests of the Irish National cause not to retire under any circumstances.

The Glasgow Branch of the National League passed a resolution upholding Mr. Parnell on the 8th inst.

On account of the Protestant street preaching in Arklow, 150 men of the Seaforth Highlanders and 200 extra police were drafted into the town to preserve the peace.

Rev. Thomas Ferris, P. P., Castlelyons, Cork, died Feb. 7.

The report of the directors of the Irish Woollen Manufacturing and Export Co. for the year ending Dec. 31, states: "They are glad to be able to announce that—notwithstanding the temporary falling off of American trade, in consequence of the passing of the McKinley Tariff bill, their total trading for the year just ended is largely in excess of 1889. The steady increase in the home trade, together with the successful development of an English and Scotch trade, has more than compensated for the decrease in the American trade. The net profits for the year, after paying all expenses, and providing for bad debts, amount to £1,127 5s 2d."

The following resolution was passed unanimously at a special meeting of the Kilkenny Workmen's Club: "That we, the members of the Kilkenny Workingmen's Club, call on Mr. Parnell, under no circumstances to retire from the leadership of the Irish people, as we believe his retirement would be fatal to the satisfactory settlement of the Home Rule question on the lines laid down in his recent speeches, and which constitute the only basis on which a settlement can be arrived at which will be acceptable to the Irish race."

Peter Maher, champion of Ireland, has challenged Jem Smith for the championship of England. Maher is a splendidly built young fellow, standing 5 feet 11 inches. He was born in 1868 at Tuam, but since 9 years of age has resided in Dublin.

The Wexford police are strenuously objecting to being compelled to do six hours duty daily.

The annual report of the Freeman's Journal Company (Limited) shows a profit of £14 305.

Joseph Boyle, son of Francis Boyle, of Ballybay, was sworn in a solicitor recently. Mr. Boyle intends practising in Ballybay and also in Cootehill.

The star chamber inquiry was resumed at Castlerea. Five prisoners arrived from Castlebar jail. They were brought before Mr. Brady, R.M., at the star chamber, and again (some of them for the third and fourth time) refused to give evidence. They were remanded in custody, and conveyed to Castlebar jail. The following are their names: Patrick Connor, second time; John Casserly, fourth time; James Creighton, third time; Thos. Finn, third time; Thomas Egan, second time.

The *Irish Catholic*, (anti-Parnellite) suggests that there should be formed in Ireland an "Irish National Liberal Organization."

An inquest was held at Castleconnell concerning the death of a woman named Olivia Ryan, aged 35. From the evidence it appears that about three weeks ago deceased was severely burned, her clothes catching fire from a lighted match. From the effects of the burns death occurred on the 8th inst.

At the Cork police office a cattle dealer named Mortimer Kelleher, Macroom, was charged with the larceny of £132 from another cattle dealer named James Rafferty, of Athlone. Rafferty, who is a nephew of the late Matt Harris, M.P., is about 27 years old. The magistrates sent the prisoner for trial to the assizes, admitting him to bail.

Miss Mary Jane Lenihan, daughter of John Lenihan, Eyre Square, Galway, was received into the Presentation Convent, Galway, on the 10th inst., as Sister Mary Raphael.

An extensive strike of quay laborers has taken place in Sligo.

Evictions have been carried out on the estate of Charles McCasker, in the Derrygonell district, Fermanagh.

At a large and very influential meeting of the Cork Parnell Leadership Committee Feb. 10 it was resolved that even Mr. Parnell's temporary retirement at the present juncture would be fraught with disaster to the National cause.

At a meeting of the Kildysart Parnell Leadership Committee, Maurice J. Walsh, ex chairman of the Kildysart board of guardians, presiding, the following resolution was adopted: "That we again renew our unabated confidence in Mr. Parnell as leader, not only of the Irish Parliamentary party but of the Irish race. We believe that Mr. Parnell should on no account retire, even for one moment, from the leadership. As we have watched his career for upwards of twelve years, we believe we would be unmindful of the interest of our country did we fail on this occasion to give expression to our feelings by saying that we shall refuse to follow any other leader. We believe no earthly power should induce him to retire, but to stick firmly by the men he met at Ennis recently—men who, no matter how the wind blows, will continue to be his firm friends."

A house in which a man named Sullivan resides, in Walshestown, four miles from Mullingar, was fired into on the night of Feb. 7. Sullivan about two months ago took a small holding from which a Mrs. Walsh was evicted. No arrests have been made.

Mr. Parnell will visit Galway shortly. A reception committee is being formed.

At a largely attended meeting of the Parnell Leadership Committee in Navan a resolution was unanimously passed calling upon Mr. Parnell to retain the leadership regardless of all opposition, and requesting him to name a day that would suit his convenience to visit the county Meath.

The following telegram was sent to Mr. Parnell Feb. 9 by John Malone, C.T.C., Newbridge: "Parnell and followers, House of Commons, London—Hold fast; stick to your guns; no surrender to English dictation, Irish Whiggery, intriguers, and place hunters. Kildare men have every confidence in your leadership to gain Home Rule and national independence for Ireland."

Feb. 9 the constabulary at Ballyjamesduff arrested William Buchanan on suspicion of being the murderer of the caretaker, Patrick Reilly, and his wife at Lisacappie. He was remanded for a fortnight. The prisoner is a cotter, and lived about a mile from the scene of the crime. In his house were found some clothes stained with blood, and concealed in the thatch was a large iron bar belonging to a barrow, and called a swingletree, on which were marks of blood and grey hairs.

At Cashel quarter sessions the appeal of Miss Jane Quirke, hotel keeper, against a magisterial decision refusing to renew her license, came up for hearing. The police gave evidence that, when conveying a prisoner to Clonmel jail, last July, they were unable to get a car from Miss Quirke's establishment. The judge decided to refuse the license.

The Rev. William Doherty, C. C., Boher and Murroe, has been appointed pastor of New Inn and Knockgraffon.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(Continued.)

ESCAPING.

The cutter glided towards them with the ease and grace of an eagle swooping through the air, to which bird, with its extended wings, her large sails bore no small resemblance.

"Ohe! Abauer les voiles!" shouted a strange voice from the prow of the pinnance, as she swept past.

"Bien," cried Eugene, in ecstacy at the at the language in which he was addressed.

"Qui etes vous," hailed the officer again, as he lifted his cap in salute.

"Francais," cried Eugene in response.

"Do'u ?"

"Une prison Anglaise."

"Echappement ?"

"Oui l'chappement."

At these words the crowd of curious faces that lined the bulwarks doffed their caps, and an enthusiastic cheer went up from many mouths.

"Bummez de voiles et benez a bord," shouted the officer again, with singular sympathy in his tones.

"That we shall with the greatest possible pleasure," said Eugene, with delighted energy, to his companions, as he heard the request.

If an archangel had called to Francois, the invitation could have fallen on no more eager ears. The cutter slackened her sail, and the skiff, altering her helm, ran up under her lee.

In a few minutes all three had clambered on board, the skiff was set adrift, and the cutter once more proceeded on her way.

"Your name?" asked the officer, who wore the gold epaulettes of the French naval service, but looked quite a youth.

"Francois Deleavigne, sous-lieutenant; once of Gen. Clarke's staff, and lately a prisoner in England."

"And yours?"

"Edmond MacNevin, Irishman, prisoner of war also in England."

"Desirous of reaching France?"

"Yes."

"We have a good many of your nation there. You will find many comrades to welcome you. And yours?"

"My name is Eugene Lefebre—once of the Republican line-of-battle ship, La Vengeur."

"What!" cried the young officer, as he started back, dropping in his astonishment the log book in which he was entering the incident and names. "Not Eugene Lefebre who was to command the Seduisant under Hoche in the ——"

"Yes, Carlo; and who was midshipman with you many years ago in her."

"Eugene! Eugene!" cried the officer, as he threw himself with French affection and rapturous delight, into the other's arms. "How delighted I am to see you! How glad to meet you! We all thought you had been drowned at sea. But how changed you are! I should never have known you."

"I am all the better for meeting you, Carlo, in a double sense," Eugene said, when the first burst of delight and greeting was over, "as an old friend and present rescuer. But, Carlo," as he saw his friend about to break forth with a fresh burst of exclamations, "remember that we have been all night at sea in that little skiff, that I have had to swim for my life, and have consequently been sitting in wet clothes all the time.

"A thousand pardons! I was so pleased to see you I had not noticed the circumstances. Yes, your dress is wet. Come down to my cabin. But first—do you see those sail yonder? Can you carry your eye so far?"

"Yes, I have seen them already."

"Can you tell me if they are English?"

"They certainly are," said Eugene.

"Not Spanish?"

"No, undoubtedly not."

"I don't know the rig out of these vessels," said Carlo, "and portion of my business out this morning was to see to what nationality they belonged. We have been expecting our allies, the Spanish fleet, from Cadiz. I half believed these were they. If I had not seen your little boat on the water, and become curious to know what it was, I should probably run up to them."

"It would have been a serious business for you if you had, Carlo mon ami; but as they were the means of bringing you out this morning I shall have a greater regard for his Britannic majesty's ships than I ever had before."

"Here you are, gentleman," said the vivacious young officer, as they descended into his apartment, "welcome once more to French ground. Oh; by the way, how you do shiver, Eugene; you are thoroughly chilled. Take a glass of this—it is champagne—that will put fresh vigor into your veins; it must be long since you tasted any. Fill your tumblers, gentlemen, and then into bed. You all seem worn out, and a rest will do you no harm. Nay, not a word," added he, as he saw Eugene about to speak. "I shall tell you no news—no, not a word—until you waken in the harbor of Brest. It would be as much as your life is worth to remain as you are. Come! Take your tumblers! the sparkling champagne will make you sleep the more soundly, should you need anything for that purpose—which I doubt. A French captain is monarch on board his vessel, and must be obeyed."

There was no ignoring the friendly orders of the kind hearted young officer—thus overflowing with delight at seeing his old friend under such circumstances, and full of frank hospitality—and so having quaffed the reviving wine he poured for them, they turned into their hammocks.

Eugene was not sorry to get rid of his saturated clothes that clung as tenaciously as is they were glued to him; and, as sleep closed his eyelids, he felt for the first time for twelve long months the sense of freedom breathing on his forehead, and the heavy, dull sense of imprisonment lifted from his heart.

In the grateful warmth they were all three soon fast asleep; and the sun was in the mid sky, and the pinnance anchored at rest by the Artillery pier in Brest harbor, before their slumbers were broken.

"Are you awake, Eugene? Are we dreaming, or is it a reality? Is that the glorious language of France I hear spoken on deck? Oh! glory to high heaven that I hear its music once more instead of the barbarous Saxon jargon! That language, Eugene, was only meant for speech of savages. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Eugene, drowsily, waking. "Is it really actuality or am I dreaming?"

"It is actual and real enough, Eugene," said Francois, jumping up. "There goes a military band playing 'The Marseillaise.' Magnificent strain! Where could it be conceived but in our glorious France?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN FRANCE.

Eugene's awakened faculties soon became aware that the pinnance was the centre of much attraction.

The buzz of conversation on deck was distinctly audible through the open windows where their hammocks swung; and boats were constantly passing with officers whose uniforms showed them to be of high rank. On the whole, it struck him that the arrival of the cutter, for some reason or other, had occasioned considerable furore.

Which, indeed, was the case. The singular news that the boat had been found in the wide waste of waters—a little waif extruded from the night and sea—with her adventurous passengers, fugitives from the horrors of an English prison; that two of these fugitives were French officers; and that one of them was Lefebre, the chosen right hand man of Hoche in the expedition to Ireland, created such a sensation in Brest, then full of military and naval officers, as could not well be described.

The news flew like lightning through the town. Eugene was well known to the officers of the fleet as one of the most promising therein at the time of his sudden disappearance. Why he had disappeared, or how, were matters of which none of them had cognizance; and, as is usual in times of great excitement and enterprise, he had soon dropped out of men's minds. The world was moving swiftly, great events were in course of accomplishment, and one man's life was of no more account than a grain of sand on the Bretagne coast.

But the news that he had escaped from an English prison in which he had been confined; that he had swum for his life from the hulks; that he had tempted the dangers of the furious sea that runs in the Channel, until by good providence the tricolor of the Normandie cutter had sheltered him, elevated him at once into the position of a hero of romance.

"You have had a fine sleep, gentlemen," said their friend entering, just as the strains of the "Marseillaise" fell on their ears.

"You have come to anchor, Carlo?"

"Anchor!—yes, hours ago."

"For heaven's sake," said Francois, "open that window and let me look once more on French land. Let me see the surf breaking on the French shore. Let my eyes behold the tricolor floating once more on the hills of France. Quick! I tell you, or I shall die. You do not know what it is to be nearly two years absent."

"Well, Francois," said the officer, laughing, "I think breakfast would be far preferable at present."

"Nay," said Francois, leaping from his hammock, rushing to the window, and throwing it open, "you don't—you can't—know the delight of seeing France again after two years of imprisonment and home sickness. Two years! Think of it! Yes! there is France again—thank God I have lived to see it! How gloriously the water sparkles!—it never shone like that, Eugene, in that dreary, foggy Plymouth. How exquisitely fresh and clear and picturesque everything looks! Don't you think so, Eugene?"

"Beautiful—exquisite—superb!" were the exclamations of Eugene, as the two gazed long and exultantly on the bright and busy scene around them. "Is there anything unusual afoot today, Carlo? for I notice an immense number of officers in full uniform passing and repassing—and the line-of-battle ships are lined with streamers. Has anything unusual occurred?"

"Something very unusual has occurred," said Carlo, with quiet gravity.

"Unusual—what? Has there been a victory somewhere? What news? Tell us!" asked both officers, turning around from the window.

"No; no battle has been fought—that would not occasion the slightest excitement. Triumphs come now as a matter of course. A ball given by our officers in a captured capital to a beaten sovereign and his generals does not occupy an inch of the Moniteur. It is something more than that."

"What?"

"The wonderful news that three escaping prisoners have been rescued from perfidious Albion—one of them the former captain that was to be of the Seduisant and the future lord high admiral of the French fleet."

"Cease joking, Carlo, and tell us what it means."

"I assure you I am not joking. It is true what I say. All Brest knows it by this time, and the conquest of Prussia would not crest half as much enthusiasm. The deck is crowded with old companions in arms, and with all the high and mighty naval chiefs in harbor—waiting to pay their respects."

"Come. Be serious. Cease joking, and let us learn the good news there is."

"I am as serious as the president of a court martial, Eugene. They are all eager to see you. But if Bonaparte himself were on deck, he must wait until you have breakfasted. Come. There is no particular need for careful toilet. Your clothes are dry and your breakfast waits."

The snowy linen and the appetising viands of the breakfast table were acceptable to the hungry travellers—who, after their rest, were ravenous as wolves.

The meal once over they went on deck.

GAELIC.

Here is a lot of fireside riddles, with their answers, collected among the Ulster residents of Philadelphia. J. J. LYONS.

Bidheann sé thall 's bidheann sé abhus,
Bidheann só a g-Connachta na g-crus,
Air an leac shleamhain, liath,
'S anns na coillibh a m-bidheann an meas
Ceo.

Ní full, ní feoil 's ní cnámh é
'S is as full 's is as feoil a d fhás sé,
Baintear a cheann de 's gleustar deoch dó,
'S guidheann sé siothchain eidir charad 's namhadh.
Cleite.

Tomhas chugam, tomhas thart
Cad é baigh na g-ceithre slat,
'S cad é'a deaig a bhain Fionn as a' bhrat
Bior siocain.

Shuigh mé sios 'gus chuarluigh mé é,
Dá bh-faghainn é ní bheurfainn liom é,
'Nuair nach bh-fuaireas thugas.
Dealf ann mo chois.

Cailleach a g-coill is airde glaim,
Puisfuidhe iarain 's fiacuil chruinn.
Tuadh.

Lán a' tigh de chaoraibh bána,
'S caora dearga ann a lár.
Do theanga.

Tobán gan tóin
'S é lán feoil duine.
Meurcán táiliúra.

Léine a rinneadh 's ní de lin
Do mhac righ a bileadh le buadh,
Sgáile na gréine thrid a taobh,
'S í gan nigheadh, gan figheadh, gan tuaradh.
Srón bó 's í aig innbhar.

Teigheann sé anunn air a leibide leabuidé,
'S tigeann sé análl air a leibide leabuide,
'S ní'l crann sa choill chrunguidhe, chrangnide
Nach m-bogann sé le na leibide leabude.
Figheaddir a figheadóireacht.

Cia chighim chugam thrid an mhóin
Fear gán léine 's é n-a rith'.
Faer na coise caola, cruaidhe,
'Sé mo thruaighe fear gan rith?
An bás.

Lán tigh 's lán garrdha,
'S dubhlán fearaibh Eireann
Lán sbalán a bhaint as sin.
Toit (deatach).

Ní'l sé amuigh ort, ní'l sé astigh ort,
Agus tá sé ort, 's ní trom leat é.
D' ainm.

Moritín iarainn 's iarball olla air,
'S é anonn 's análl air dhroichad cnámh.
Snáthad stoca.

Deirge, deirge, buail an poll dubh.
An teine faoi 'n b-pota.

Dá chois faoi, trí cosa ós a chionn,
A cheann ann a thóin, 's a thóin ós a chionn.
Pota air chloigeann duine.

Three battered and scarecrow looking persons they seemed amid the glitter and pomp of the gorgeous uniforms that crowded the pinnance from stem to stern. It was a splendid sight, the crowd of officers—many of them bearing the great historic names of France, whose deeds were household words through Europe—their myriad-colored uniforms making the deck one shifting kaleidoscope—surrounding the three ragged and tattered sea farers, and doing homage and giving welcome to them as if they were monarchs in all their regal pomp just arrived.

Nothing could equal the warmth and welcome poured upon them. They were the heroes of the hour. Exhumed after long months out of the prisons and fogs of that barbarous land at the other side of the Channel, they were looked upon by the French officers pretty much as the Spaniards looked upon Columbus when his sea tossed galleys came back from the mysterious bounds of the unknown ocean into the ports of Spain.

When the reception was over, and the officers had demonstrated their delight and welcome, Eugene and his two friends were invited to a ball to be improvised in their honor that night in the Hotel de l'Europe. It was necessary, therefore, at once to provide uniforms, for the dress of an escaping convict, whilst interesting at first sight, was hardly fitted for the gaiety and grandeur of an officers' ball, or for mixing with the beauty and fashion that were certain to be present thereat.

They had hardly dismissed their costumier when a skiff passed under the window where they stood. Its occupant, whose face they did not see, ran swiftly up the ladder and on deck.

In a moment after a marine tapped at the cabin door and handed in a card.

It bore the name, "Theobald Wolfe Tone, Army of the Sambre and Meuse."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BYRNE—At Julianstown, Drogheda, Feb. 2, Julia, wife of William Byrne.

COLOHAN—At Villa, Galway, Feb. 1, Ethel Agnes, child of W. N. Colohan, M. D.

CORRIGAN—At No. 18 Upper Bridge street, Dublin, Feb. 2, Mary Corrigan, child of William and Mary Corrigan, aged 18 years.

KENNA—At his father's residence, Lea, Portarlington, Jan. 30, Michael Kenna, late D. M. P.

LEDDY—At Maperath, Kells, county Meath, Jan. 31, Mary, wife of M. Leddy.

MEADE—At Clonrue, Mountrath, Jan. 26, William Meade.

PURCELL—At Banroe House, Feakle, county Clare, Jan. 25, Mathew Purcell, aged 72.

STONE—At No. 77 Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Feb. 1, Benjamin Stone, late of the D. M. P.

HILL—At Shronekeera, county Roscommon, Feb. 7, James Hill, land surveyor and valuator, aged 85.

JOYCE—At Geraldine street, Dublin, Feb. 6, Michael, eldest son of Timothy Joyce, Portumna.

QUINN—At No. 11 William st., Cookstown, Feb. 8, Rev. Joseph J. Quinn, C.C., Magherafelt.

REILLY—At No. 1 Nelson street, Dublin, Feb. 7, Mrs. James Reilly, of Boyle, Roscommon.

KIERAN—At Railway House, Malahide, county Dublin, Feb. 8, Agnes Mary, wife of William P. Kieran.

COSGROVE—At Clintycornahan, county Cavan, Feb. 8, Bernard Cosgrove, aged 64.

FINN—Feb. 10, Mary, relict of the late James Finn, formerly of Dublin road, Carlow.

HOWLETT—At Creywell, New Ross, Feb. 7, John W. Howlett, aged 29.

MCGOVERN—At Longford, Feb. 9, Edward McGovern, aged 56.

SHARPE—At No. 129 Cork street, Dublin, Feb. 9, John Sharpe, formerly of Hacketstown, county Carlow, at an advanced age.

BROWNE—At his residence, Post Office, Donnybrook, Lorenzo Browne.

NOLAN—At the residence of her brother-in-law, Redcow, Feb. 1, Susanna Sarah Nolan, third eldest daughter of Thomas Nolan, Fox and Geese, county Dublin.

DOYLE—At the Schoolhouse, Kilmacanogue, Feb. 8, Sarah, daughter of the late William Doyle, Powerscourt, aged 23.

HURLEY—At William O'Brien street, Tipperary, James Hurley, aged 23.

CARR—At Main street, Wicklow, Patrick Carr.

MASTERS—At Farnbeg, Strokestown, county Roscommon, Jan. 30, James Maguire, aged 70.

RYAN—At Ballysorrell, Templemore, county Tipperary, Feb. 8, James, eldest son of Thomas Ryan, Clonkile.

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents.

At the inquest on Batt Sullivan, who was hanged in Tralee jail on Feb. 9. The following statement, written by the culprit, was produced by the governor of the prison. It is given as written by Sullivan:

"In the words of a dying man, I am going to appear before my Judge and Maker. The last place I seen Patrick Fiahive alive was Sunday at mass. I did not see him a Sunday night, or a Monday, or a Monday night. I did not see him any more until Tuesday I see him dead. I heard nothing about it until I was going to the race. I had neither hand, act or part in it. I was notheir or know anything about it at all. Ye good Christians that read this I hope ye will preay for me. I forgive all. All the officers in Tralee was very kind and good to me, Bartholomew Sullivan. May God spare those who prepared me, and give them the greace of a happy death—Father O'Callaghan, Mother Evangelist, Sister Imelda, Mother Emelia. Amen." The governor and the warder gave evidence showing that the statement could not have been written or inspired by any one but the prisoner himself.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash. and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. John Cunningham, of Ballyduff, the brilliant young National leader of that burg, has just completed an extraordinary poem consisting of the exact number of 1,895½ cantos, developing the whole O'Shea Parnell affair, from the Galway election down to the Waterford meeting.

The Cork Parnell Leadership Committee have reiterated their determination to support Mr. Parnell as sole leader of the Irish nation.

The outlying suburbs of Fermoy have lately been terrorized by "raids" made by members of the West York English regiment, in the garrison.

Henry James, of Enniscorthy, has been declared a bankrupt.

Edward Hayes, a respectable trader, of Tulla, died very suddenly on Feb. 5.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Rydin in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the b ightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

SCENES OF MOURNING.

Remains of Gen. Sherman Escorted to the Train.

FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE HOUSE.

The Son of the Dead Warrior Officiated, Assisted by Three Other Priests—The Remains, Mounted on a Caisson and Followed by a Riderless Horse, Taken to the Depot and Placed on Board the Funeral Train for St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—At an early hour Thursday morning the people began to assemble in West Seventy-first street opposite the residence of Gen. Sherman. From almost every house along the street the American flag floated, the greater number being in deep mourning. As the morning wore on the numbers in the street began to increase and at 9 o'clock the policemen were obliged to disperse a large crowd which had assembled at the corner of Seventy-first street and Ninth avenue. Rev. Thomas Sherman, whose arrival had been so anxiously awaited, arrived at the house at 1:30 Thursday morning. He was welcomed home by his brother, P. T. Sherman, and his sisters, Mrs. Thackara and Miss Rachel Sherman. At 7:30, just before taking an early breakfast with the family, he entered the room in which lay all that remained of his renowned father. Silently he looked at the features once so familiar to him, but now overspread by death's pallor. At 12 o'clock a short Catholic service, consisting of prayers for the dead, was performed about the casket of Gen. Sherman. To this none were admitted but members of the family and other relatives. The services were very simple and consisted of prayer and singing.

Funeral Services at the House.

About 12:25, the caisson, draped in black and drawn by four horses, was drawn up in front of the Sherman house. The horses were mounted by regulars, and an army officer was in charge. At the caisson was an orderly leading the black charger which bore the military trappings of the general. A black velvet covering almost hid the horse from view. But the boots and saddle were plainly conspicuous. The sergeant in charge was Sergt. Jordan, and the man whose honor it was to lead the black horse with the trappings was Private A. T. Webb of the Second battery. The services were over at 12:30. The prayers were read by Rev. Father Sherman. Close to the casket stood the other son, P. T. Sherman. In the front parlor were all the members of the family. Secretary Blaine and wife and Mrs. Damrosch were present in another room. Father Sherman was assisted by Rev. Father Taylor and two other priests. Father Sherman in conducting the simple services read from the scripture the passage beginning "I am the resurrection and the life." After the two selections were sung from the oratoric of Elijah by Mendellsohn, Father Sherman again read the scriptures, and "The Miserere" from Mendellsohn was given. Prayer was then offered by the son and the concluding music was the "Piu Jesu." "O Rest in the Lord" was one of the selections. Senator and Mrs. Sherman were with the family at the time these services were performed.

Arrival of President Harrison.

At 1 o'clock carriages containing prominent officials, both military and civil, began to arrive at the house in rapid succession. The streets for blocks around were filled with companies of soldiers, and the sidewalks were crowded with people. Companies of infantry, cavalry and artillery moving into position made the picture an ever-changing one. Ex-President Cleveland and Chauncey Depew arrived at the house together at 1:30. Soon after Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, and Maj. Gen. Snowden arrived with their staff, and following were Gov. Buckley and staff and Lieut. Governor Jones. Ex-President Hayes was accompanied by Joseph H. Choate. The senate committee arrived in a body and was in mourning, and after them came the large committee of the house. It was close on to 2 o'clock when President Harrison with Lieut. Ernest, his aide decamp, reached the house. Following were the remaining members of the cabinet. The first move toward the formation of the procession was at 1:58. Gen. Howard came out on the front steps of the general's residence and ordered the caisson, which had been withdrawn, to come up. At that instant a cavalry squad of the Sixth cavalry formed to the left of the house in the middle of the street. The caisson came up in front of the house at exactly 2 o'clock. Gens. Howard, Slocum, Johnston and other military dignitaries formed two lines on the walk and made a passage way to the caisson.

The Marching Order Given.

As the pall bearers left the house an army band out towards Central Park began playing a funeral march. Six lieutenants under command of Lieutenant Rodman appeared in the doorway, bearing on their shoulders the caket of the general. Slowly they bore their burden to the awaiting funeral carriage. All heads were then bared and silence reigned from one end of the street to the other. At 2:05 a marching order was given and the caisson moved toward Eighth avenue. The private carriage of Gen. Butterfield was then driven to the door and Generals Schofield, Howard and Gen. Schofield's aide entered. The pall bearers were then seated in their respectiev carriages in quick succession. When the coaches containing the pall bearers had driven away from the door, Lafayette Post marched up to the caisson, one-half of the command taking a position on one side of the caisson and the balance on the other side. The head of the column was then moved up to make room for the carriages for the family and invited officials and friends. In the meantime the various commands in the different streets were waiting to march when the order should come. The members of the family entered their carriages and the friends, governors, senators and other notables followed. The procession then began to move down Eighth avenue.

How the Line Was Formed.

The order of column following the relatives and family was as follows: President and vice president of the United States; members of the cabinet; Hon. Joseph H. Choate, accompanying ex-President R. B. Hayes; the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, accompanying ex-President Grover Cleveland; committees of the senate and house of representatives; Lieutenant Governor Jones and Mayor Grant; military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States and officers of the army and navy; Grand Army of the Republic; corps of cadets, United States Military academy, Lieut. Col. Hoskins commanding; National guard, under command of Brig. Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, Lieut. Col. Stephen H. Olin, chief of staff. The brigade consisted of the following organizations: Sixty ninth regiment, Col. James Cavanagh, with the old battle flag carried with Gen. Sherman at Bull Run; Eighth regiment, Col. G. D. Scott, commanding; Ninth regiment, Col. William Seward, commanding; Twenty second regiment, Col. J. T. Camp, commanding; Seventy-first regiment, Col. Frederick Kepper, commanding; Seventh regiment, Col. Daniel Appleton, commanding; Twelfth regiment, Col. Homand Dowd, commanding; the First battery, Capt. Wendell; Second battery, Capt. Wilson, and troop "A", Capt. Roe, with troops of the regular army, formed the funeral escort. The signal corps commanded by Capt. Gallup was mounted and followed the Twelfth regiment. Delegations and representatives of Old Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and other organizations assigned, under command of Gen. David Morris, brought up the rear.

On the Funeral Train.

The route followed by the procession was Eighth avenue, Fifty-seventh street, Fifth avenue, Fourteenth street, Broadway, Canal street, and Desrosses street to the Pennsylvania ferry. The bulk of the military escort disbanded at Canal street. The body escort continued with the remains to Jersey City, where they were met by the First regiment N. G. S. N. J., and placed aboard the special train on the Pennsylvania railroad for St. Louis. The family and committees of escort also boarded the train. It is estimated that there were 20,000 persons in the procession. The streets along the route were densely thronged with spectators. Church bells were tolled in New York and Jersey City and business was generlly suspended.

Earth to Earth and Dust to Dust.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 21.—The last taps have been sounded, the buglers have trumpeted forth a final farewell, and William Tecumseh Sherman sleeps with his kindred. Only the fresh-turned earth on a mound in Calvary cemetery tells the story that the last of that great triumvirate of American generals whose fame is as imperishable as the nation itself has been laid to rest between the devoted helpmate, who, until called away, smoothed and comforted his declining years, and "little Willie," his idolized soldier laddie. Gen. Sherman's desire that his obsequies should be of a military character was obeyed to the most extreme particular. But, at the same time, it was found impossible to draw a hard and fast line that would prohibit the great mass of the people of the city in which he had spent so many years of his life from paying a last tribute of respect to his memory. So, something almost without precedent in a strictly military funeral, two civic divisions were added to the procession and formed not the least impressive feature of the event.

AN EDITOR ON THE WAR-PATH.

He Kills His Enemy and Also Innocent Bystanders.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Feb. 23.—As the result of a bitter newspaper war between The Sunday Capital and Sunday World a horrible tragedy occurred on the main thoroughfare shortly after 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. W. J. Elliott, proprietor of The Sunday Capital, met Al Osborne of The World, and immediately opened fire. The street was crowded with people viewing the Washington birthday parade. Osborne started to run followed by Elliott and his brother. They entered a hat store where a perfect fusilade took place. Osborne was shot through the head and instantly killed. Late steward of the imbecile asylum Hughes, a bystander, was shot in the right eye and instantly killed. A young man named Sullivan was shot in the arm, and an unknown person received a bullet through the leg. Perry Elliott, brother of the proprietor of The Capital, was slightly injured in the head. The Elliotts are in the station house.

HORROR IN NOVIA SCOTIA.

One Hundred and Thirteen Bodies Already Recovered.

SPRING HILL, N. S., Feb. 23.—Saturday this community was plunged into the very depths of grief and despair by a disaster the like of which never occured in the Cumberland coal regions. An explosion of gas took place in the mines at this place and in an instant 113 souls were hurried into eternity. That many corpses have been recovered, many of them horribly mutilated, and the air was rent a moment later with the agonizing wails and shrieks of the widowed and orphaned. The scene was awful—entirely past description. All Saturday night the work of rescuing went on, and by morning the dead to the above number had been brought up. How many more were still in the mine was not known. A large number were wounded, two of whom have died.

THE TREASURY PLUM.

It Is Given to Ex-Governor Foster of Ohio.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 21.—The president has nominated Charles Foster of Ohio to be secretary of the treasury, to succeed William Windom, deceased.

The president also sent to the senate the nominations of Martin A. Knapp of New York, to be an interstate commerce commissioner. Charles C. Cole of the District of Columbia, to be attorney for the United States for the District of Columbia. Assistant naval constructors, Joseph H. Linleard and Joseph J. Woodward, to be naval constructors.

Abandoned the Lake Front.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—The lake front was abandoned by the World's fair directory Friday night. There were thirty-two directors present at the meeting and by a vote of 25 to 7 they let the old lake front go. There will not be a building placed upon it and the great World's Columbian exposition will be held in Jackson park. The lake front is to be adorned with statuary and become a lounging place for tourists. It will be a big open gateway to the fair.

Disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The motion of Osborn Morgan Friday in the house of commons, in favor of the disestablishment of the Welsh church, was voted down by 235 to 203. Gladstone said that he could not have spoken on the question fifty years ago as he was able to speak now. The administration of the church in Wales was open to censure then. It now displayed a praiseworthy activity in dealing with the growth of Christianity.

FLED OVER THE HILLS.

Non-Union Men Driven from Their Work by Riotous Strikers.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 24.—Two howling mobs of strikers, numbering over 1,500 each, swept down upon W. J. Rainey's Fort Hill and Paul coke works like demons Monday and frightened the 400 men employed there so badly that they fled pell mell over the hills. The strikers were for the most part Hungarians, Slavs and Germans. They were led by Worthy Foreman McHoy, and were armed with clubs and revolvers. Rainey's men are opposed to the strike and anxious to work, but Monday's visitation came so suddenly and violently that they fled.

Camping Near the Plants.

To prevent a resumption of work the strikers are camping near the two plants, and propose to make life interesting for such of Rainey's men as may return. The strikers will remain encamped until the Rainey employes formally acquiesce in the strike. As Rainey is determined to operate regardless of the Miners' union and has armed guards on duty, a bloody collision is not impossible. By way of strengthening the strikers in the Connellsville region, the 1,200 cokers in the Latrobe field will be ordered to quit.

Confessed His Crime.

MANISTEE, Mich., Feb. 24.—Johannes Salamonsen, who was arrested last week on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Record Carlson, broke down and made a full confession. He says that he put sixty grains of strychnine in a flask of whisky, and when he came to Manistee with Carlson induced the latter to drink the mixture. Carlson became violently ill, and, on a pretense of securing a doctor, Salamonsen took out his friend's pocketbook containing his keys and then left him to die in a vacant lot. He returned to Eastlake and in Carlson's trunk found $165 in money, the possession of which led to his being suspected of the crime.

Sherman Statue at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 24.—It is proposed to erect a statue of the late Gen. Sherman at the entrance of the new city hall. The plans of the new building provide for a carriage-way directly to the door of the building, outside of which is a flight of massive stone steps about fifty feet in length. In the middle of this flight of steps is a pedestal for an equestrian statue. The pedestal is about fourteen feet long and five feet wide. It is proposed to have a mounted statue of Gen. Sherman placed upon the pedestal.

A Diabolical Plot.

SEDALIA, Mo., Feb. 24.—Joe Hewitt, a tough character of this city, was arrested Monday afternoon charged with committing an outrage on Mrs. William McCracken, the wife of a contractor. He was held in the sum of $2,500 for trial. It is alleged that the woman's husband conspired with Hewitt to committ the crime, McCracken's object being revenge for his wife separating from him on account of his dissolute habits. Three men, including the husband, are said to be implicated in the deed.

Knocked Overboard by a Steer.

GRISSOM'S LANDING, Ky., Feb. 24.—Edward Hawkins, a young cattle drover, lost his life while attempting to remove some cattle from the back-water. He had succeeded in ferrying one load of cattle to safe quarters and was engaged in rowing the second load when an unruly steer attacked him, knocking him into the water. His companion, who was taking care of the first lot of cattle, witnessed the scene, but was unable to aid his companion as he did not come to the surface after going under the water.

The Standard Gobbled It at Last.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 24.—A special to The Times from Lima, O., says: One of the most persistent and aggressive opponents of the Standard Oil company in the Ohio field has been the Geyser Oil company. So valuable was its holdings and contracts that the Standard tried to secure them. But the price asked was too high. Recently the Standard secured control of nine-sixteenths of the stock and the minority finally agreed to sell out. The sum paid is stated on good authority to be $1,600,000.

Two School Girls Drowned.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 24.—Edith Cox, aged 10, and Nettie Robinson, aged 9, two Grandville school girls, went out to play. As they did not appear when school reconvened search was instituted, and late in the afternoon their bodies were found in a water-filled gypsum quarry a quarter of a mile from the school. The quarry was frozen over, and it is supposed that the girls were playing on the ice and broke through.

Tornado in North Carolina.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 24.—A tornado swept over Sunbury, Gates county, N. C. The storm swept a space half a mile wide and carried everything with it. Two children were killed near Sunbury and it is reported that a number of people were killed further east. The wires are all down and details are lacking.

Bold Robbery of Jewelry.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 24.—About 9 o'clock at night a man broke a window of William Schmalz' pawn shop at 781 Mission street, and seized a tray containing diamonds valued at about $3,500. Emptying the diamonds into a sack, he jumped on a horse which was held by two confederates and disappeared.

Died by the Hundreds.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 24.—One of the contractors on the Tehuantepec Isthmus railway arrived here Sunday. He reports that fully 20 per cent. of the several hundred Chinese laborers who were imported to work on the road have died, not being able to withstand the change of climate.

Digma Is About Played Out.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—A Suakim dispatch says that the cavalry overtook the enemy at Afafite. Many of the dervishes surrendered and numbers of them dropped wounded on the road. Osman Digma has but few followers. The chiefs of most of the tribes sent petitions for pardon.

Booth's Scheme of Relief.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—"The Harbor," the second food and shelter depot started by Gen. Booth with the contributions to his "Darkest England" scheme, has been opened at Drury Lane, in the heart of the slums.

Coming Over for Funds.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—The Healy-McCarthy delegation to America will sail next week for New York. Cox, M. P., embarks on Friday for Australia with Timothy Sullivon.

OUR NAVY CRITICISED.

Pertinent Remarks Delivered by Admiral Baine.

THE GREAT NEED OF THE HOUR.

"White Squadrons" Are Good Enough to Run Away, But What We Want Now Are Battle Ships—The Admiral Hopes to See No More "Experimental" Ships for the Navy—Annexation of New England to Canada.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—At the banquet of the Order of the Cincinnati Rear Admiral Baine, U. S. N., commanding the Brooklyn navy yard, criticised rather severely for a naval officer what is known as "our new navy." Said he:

"No nation ever has and no nation ever will maintain its integrity and honor unless it is fully prepared and willing to fight for it. It may become the target for the world's laughter; it may eat the dust of humiliation until the manhood of its sons has perished from the rolls of nations, but it may never stand in honor or safety before the world. But I hope the dawn of a new day has come to the horizon of our nationality. That day must brighten into a new day and the work only begun must be pushed to its full completion.

Good Enough to Run Away.

"'White squadrons' were well enough at their advent, but it is safe to say that those ships built by new hands and incomplete hands will never be duplicated. First attempts are never successes. I am not a believer in the new gospel of run away. I hope to see no more 'experimental' ships for the navy. The great need of the hour is the battleship, not the twenty-knot cruiser to run from an enemy. Any navy which cannot take the sea and do battle there is no navy at all. Any navy which may be sure to fall a prey to an enemy, or which dare not go in and fight it out, constitutes as great a peril to the nation as if there were no navy at all. To invite capture or defeat may be very chivalric, but it is not a part of statesmanship.

What Might Happen.

"Not long ago one of our city papers published a communication from a naval correspondent, in which he discussed the question of 'ransom' and suggested that seaboard cities, to escape ruin, might not be spared by the tribute of some millions of dollars, but rather and only by the secession of territory. It is worthy of note that instead of the annexation of Canada to this Union it might very well become a question of the annexation of New England to Canada, and of Alaska, Washington and Oregon to British Columbia. Stranger things than this have happened amid the mutations of nations.

Be Prepared.

"If I had but a word more to utter to my countrymen it would be to urge them onward in the reconstruction of a navy of battleships and ships of war, in defense of all you hold dear in the world, in defense of your families, your honor, your posterity, and your national pride, and, above all, of the noblest and brightest hopes of mankind, which are centered in this, our republic."

One of the Daily Lynchings.

PETERSBURG, Va., Feb. 24.—Some days ago Hugh Hammock, a prominent farmer residing at Mellville, Nottaway county, was assaulted and robbed of $36 while passing along the highway near Blackstone by a burly negro named Scott Bishop. Bishop escaped at the time and was arrested Saturday night and brought to Blackstone Sunday. Hammock died on Friday from the effects of the assault and the people were much excited over the affair. Monday morning at 4 o'clock a mob took Bishop from the officers and hanged him to a tree near the town.

Aspires to the Servian Throne.

BELGRADE, Feb. 24.—A manifesto has been issued by the party of the pretender Karageorgevic, who aspires to the Servian throne. This manifesto calls upon the people to rise and declare a revolution to overturn the Obrenovitch dynasty, and, incidentally, to place Prince Karageorgevic upon the throne. The people, however, have not responded to the appeal. The troops forming the garrison of Belgrade are confined to barracks in readiness for an emergency.

Gen. Booth at Berlin.

BERLIN, Feb. 24.—Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army addressed a meeting of 1,000 persons of the middle class in this city. He met with a cold reception. In his speech he complained that the police would not allow him to have a procession in the streets of Berlin. He said he found less poverty and drunkenness in Germany than in England. He meant to build a Salvation hall in Berlin, and though the churches were hostile to him he was not discouraged.

The Diabolical Train-Wrecker.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 24.—A fiendish act was perpetrated on the Bald Valley railroad, near Milesburg, Monday. Some unknown person placed a stone in the switch and as the passenger train passed over it the engine left the track, followed by several of the coaches. Fireman Gasette, of Tyrone, jumped from the engine and was instantly killed. The engineer did likewise, but escaped injury. None of the passengers was injured.

Could Not Find the Bill.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 24.—The house, in committee of the whole, considered house bill 707 fixing maximum passenger rates. Brown, of Harvey, demanded that the original bill be read. The clerk could not find it. It had disappeared, he said, and is supposed to have been stolen. Action on the bill was informally passed and it will come up again if the clerk can find it.

News from Chili Is Unreliable.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—Advices from Buenos Ayres state that much of news in regard to the war in Chili is suppressed by Balmaceda's government. Nothing was transmitted as to the capture of the Huascar from the government by the insurgents, although it was in the government's hands at the beginning of the war and is now with the rebels.

The Mitchell-LaBlanche Fight.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24.—Directors of the California Athletic club held a meeting to consider the question of awarding the victory for the Mitchell-LaBlanche fight, which took place at the club last Friday night. After discussion they decided to postpone decision until next Monday night. Charges have been made that the fight was "sold."

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Superintendent Hopkins of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad has paid on behalf of his company $2,500 to the mother of Conductor James R. O'Neil, who was murdered by a tramp at Longport, Iowa, while on duty.

Charles Francis Adams has gone to Cuba for a few weeks' rest.

For the first time in the history of Bismarck, N. D., all the saloons have closed their doors for an indefinite period, and not a drink is to be had for love nor money.

James Thomas, an employe at Mattingly's distillery in Owenboro, Ky., was torn to pieces by the machinery.

The will of Jacob N. McCullough, late vice president of the Pennsylvania company, who died a week ago, bequeaths the bulk of his $10,000,000 estate to his two grandchildren.

Willie Zinn, aged 16, and his father, were arrested for a long series of mail robberies at Wheeling, W. Va., Monday. The boy has a very small hand, which enabled him to abstract letters at will from the locked private bags of the firms by which he was employed.

A Burlington (Ia.) paper charges Mayor Duncan, of that city, with being in collusion with the gamblers, and an investigation and lawsuit are expected to follow.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Leroy, Ills. At Downs, six miles away, the public schools have been closed on account of the disease. Several cases have been reported at Bloomington.

Australian papers state that by the burning of the steamer Ramed at Wuhu 200 Chinese perished.

James McCall, who escaped from jail at Watseka, Ills., a week ago, was arrested at Crawfordsville, Ind, Monday. He was under arrest for shooting a man at Watseka.

Judge H. M. Safford is lying at the point of death at his residence in La Crosse, Wis.

Owing to the illness of the queen of the Sandwich Islands, Princess Kapilani, heiress apparent, has been requested to return from England.

Speaking of Gen. Sherman's relations to the Catholic church, he disposed of the question in an article which he contributed to The North American Review for December, 1888: "To put at rest a matter of constant inquiry," he said, "I here record that my immediate family are strongly Catholic; but I am not, and can not be."

In the Illinois house Monday Speaker Crafts instructed the clerk not to read a petition from Graham and others asking that the committees be appointed at once.

Alexander St. Clair was sentenced to three years and nine months in prison for burglarizing Gull Lake, Mich., cottages.

Profits of the sugar trust since March, 1888, are $12,000,000.

Nineteen Italians were arraigned at New Orleans Monday for the murder of Chief of Police Hennessy recently. Three hundred witnesses have been summoned.

The collection for the Bismarck monument in Berlin now amounts to 913,336 marks. The German colony of Samoa contributed 230 marks.

The Joliet national bank, of Joliet, Ills., capital $100,000, has been authorized to begin business.

Mary Brooking, a colored courtesan, was arrested at Omaha by Kansas City authorities, charged with murdering an aged German in that city in September, 1887.

The butchers and meat-market men of Rockford, Ills., have formed a combine and have advanced the price of meat about 25 per cent.

The Canadian Pacific earned $101,000 more last week than the corresponding week in 1890.

James Flint, an ex-policeman of Paris, Ills., accidentally shot and killed his infant child while cleaning his revolver.

An unknown woman tried to hang herself on an Alton train near Roodhouse, Ills., assigning as the reason that her husband was a drunkard.

Four men entered a store in Kansas City, Kan., and covering the proprietor and two customers with revolvers, robbed them and escaped.

Elkhart Milliken was asphyxiated by gas at Omaha, Neb.

Charles Kelly, of Caledonia, Ills, was cut to pieces by a train.

Liabilities of Owen Bros., Providence, R. I., $1,335,392; assets, $1,342,296.

The steamship Dorian from Morant Bay, West Indies, arrived at New York with five survivors of the crew of the bark Topsey. Capt. Mackenzie, two mates, a seaman, and the cabin boy were drowned.

Three hundred tobacco sorters are on a strike at Stoughton, Mich. They demand a raise of wages from 70 cents to $1 per 100 pounds for sorting.

In December last James C. Stanfield, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania lines, was instantly killed. Tuesday suit for $10,000 damage was filed by William A. Richardson, administrator.

August Perona, an Italian saloon-keeper of Spring Valley, Ills., was shot and fatally wounded by an Italian miner named Dominick Bartalino in a dispute regarding a bill for drinks.

Australian union wool-shearers threaten to stop the crop clip if non-union men are permitted to work.

J. W. Banwell had his head crushed between two cars while loading logs at Alanson, Mich.

The examination of the State Savings bank of Creston, Iowa, has been completed and the bank pronounced solvent, and it will reopen.

Professor A. H. Palmer, of the Western Reserve university, Cleveland, Ohio, has been called to the chair of German at Yale.

Mrs. David C. Brandon, of Belknap, Iowa, a bride of four weeks, committed suicide. The relatives refuse to make public certain letters left by deceased.

The last stone in the government granite dry dock at Mare Island, Cal., has been laid. The structure, which has already cost $2,800,000, is now nearly finished.

Ben Butler's autobiography will be published in October. It will be called "Butler's Book."

Baron Hirsch has already given about $14,000,000 to the Hebrew poor, in addition to his recent gift of $2,500,000, and is still worth $100,000,000.

The gold medal awarded by Postmaster General Wanamaker to the postal clerk in the first division railway mail service who made the best record during 1890 has been presented to C. V. McChesney, of Cincinnati.

A couple of burglars attempted to blow open a safe in the residence of Dr. T. M. Miller, at Madison, Wis., but were scared off before they accomplished their object.

A new bank with a capital of $50,000 will be opened at Emmetsburg, Iowa, May 1.

Horses valued at $10,000 were burned in the barn of C. E. Butler, near Paris, Ky.

A sensational divorce suit of David Jennings of Centerburg, O., against his wife, in which he named the Rev. H. J. Duckworth, pastor of the Disciple church, as a corespondent, has been dismissed at Jenning's request.

The arrangements for the visit of the prince and princess of Wales to Ireland early next summer are being rapidly pushed forward.

Joseph Bercance was killed by a fall of ore in the Aurora mine at Ironwood, Mich. Two other men were injured.

The two children of Ira Johnson, of Monticello, Wis., were burned to death in their blazing home during the absence of the parents.

The regular quarterly dividend of 1 per cent has been declared by the Northern Pacific directors.

It is reported that leprosy is spreading rapidly among whites and Indians in British Columbia. The disease was communicated by Chinese lepers, who are under no restraint whatever.

Clay Snyder, a Lima, Ohio, carpenter, was awarded $3,343 damages for injuries sustained in a fall recently.

A fund of $75,000 is to be raised to create an infirmary for Yale students.

It is reported that white servants are rapidly replacing colored help in the towns of southwestern Georgia.

The school board of Burlington, Iowa, is considering the feasibility of introducing calisthenics as taught by the turning societies in the public schools.

The total production of white pine lumber in the northwest during the past season was 4,068,285,284, an increase over the previous season of 596,700,146 feet.

Governor Winans of Michigan has appointed Mrs. M. E. Calhoun of Monroe, a sister of Gen. Custer, as state librarian, to succeed Mrs. Harriet Tenley, who has held the place for a score of years.

The Prince de Rohan, in a bet with Prince Torlonia, has lately driven a trap and four down the stone steps of the town of Monaco. The descent was rather steep, but it was done without a stumble.

In the towns of Warren and Pleasant Plain, Ind., the people hold the belief that the millennium is coming during the present Lent. Everything is neglected for prayer, and men are paying all debts. One woman has become insane.

The Oregon senate has indefinitely postponed the house bill appropriating $50,000 for a World's Fair exhibit.

In a quarrel at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Allen Monroe fatally stabbed Peter Crogan. Monroe was arrested.

Ex-President Cleveland, in an interview in New York, emphatically denied a statement by a Washington paper to the effect that he had decided not to be a presidential candidate in 1892.

Fayette Woodford, of Gallatin, Tenn., is charged with setting fire to his house and burning up his wife.

A witness in a contested will case at Philadelphia said the testator was not a hard drinker, as "he only took twenty-five or thirty drinks a day."

William H. Crawford, who killed Mabel Mathias at Decatur, Ills., last August, was denied a new trial and sentenced to be hanged March 14.

La Blanche, known as "The Marine," and Young Mitchell fought at San Francisco. In the twelfth round La Blanche dropped to the floor after receiving a light blow, and remained resting on his elbows until "counted out."

At Dubuque Henry Hefert, for the last seven years an inmate of Mercy hospital on account of frozen limbs, became suddenly crazy and ran amuck through the hospital, breaking one man's ribs and injuring others.

A colored woman who kidnaped a child from its parents at San Diego, Cal., was arrested and explained her action on the ground that she heard that the child was being ill treated.

Capt. William McDonald, an English man who embezzled £17,000 from an estate of which he was administrator, was captured in Portland, Ore., a few days ago and is now en route to England in charge of a detective.

A masked man robbed J. D. Broomfield, station agent of the Missouri Pacific at Arizona, Kan., of $400 cash of the company's money.

In Rowan county, Ky., John Middleton shot and killed Dial Wells. Middleton had rented a farm of Wells and did not vacate promptly when required. Wells went to evict him and in a quarrel stabbed him. Middleton's wife ran out and seized Wells and held him while her husband got his shotgun and fired its contents into Wells.

Kate Wills, a girl of 17, in crossing the railway track in the Louisville & Nashville yards in Louisville, got her foot caught and was unable to extricate it before a freight train backed down upon her. Just as the car reached her she fell flat upon the ground beside the track and saved her life with the loss of her foot.

The Baptist Book concern held its first annual meeting in Louisville, Ky. C. W. Buck, ex-minister to Peru, was chosen a director. President W. H. Harvey's report showed for the first seven months of active business: Books, bookbinding, etc., $79,046; Western Recorder, $19,921.

Admiral L. H. Pinzon Y. Alvarez, commander-in-chief of the Spanish navy, is dead.

Fred Clements, a Frenchman who for several years has been a salesman for E. B. Chase & Co. of New Bedford, Mass., has disappeared, and there are many evidences that the firm has been swindled out of considerable money.

Tom Hendricks and James Lane quarreled at a dance at Monett, Mo. Each drew his revolver and commenced firing. Hendricks was shot through the heart and instantly killed. Charles McCauley, a bystander, was dangerously wounded.

The strike of the plush weavers at Bradford, England, has extended and may involve 5,000 workmen.

"Temperance Reading Room and Woman's Exchange association" is the name of a new organization at Sioux City, Iowa.

Willie Huron, aged 9, was burned to a cinder in the mouth of a coke oven at Pittsburg.

The deposits in the savings banks of the Dominion of Canada declined $3,300,000 last year.

There is a great scarcity of stenographers in Savannah and a constant demand for them.

W. F. Kershaw, cashier of the McDonald shoe factory, was sandbagged and robbed of $1,600 in broad daylight at St. Joseph, Mo.

Miss Ella Johnson, a servant in Hotel Marvin at Findlay, Ohio, when it was wrecked by a natural gas explosion, wants damages in the sum of $14,350.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lilliputian Spectacular Comedy Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Co. in "The Red Hussar."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—"The Soudan."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Evans & Hoey in "A Parlor Match."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRISH LITERATURE.

United Ireland has followed up its plea for Irish nationality of the true type with a stirring appeal for the resuscitation of Irish literature. The appeal is as opportune as it is necessary. At a time when the Irish people at home are evidently determined on being satisfied with nothing less than a sovereign independent parliament in College Green, it behooves them to vindicate their right to a distinctive individuality in literature as well as in all other matters in which they are, or ought to be, peculiarly interested. They should no longer look on London as the great literature centre from which every intellectual idea is supposed to radiate. They should pitilessly boycott all vile, low class English books, the weekly importation of which into Ireland is very considerable at the present moment. They should do away with all such poisonous pabulum if they wish to be not only patriotic but consistent.

The necessity for the cultivation of an essentially Irish literature cannot, under any circumstances, be questioned. If we are to remain distinctively Irish at home we must study every book or pamphlet bearing on our history and traditions; in our choice of fiction we should prefer the works of native master minds, and in all other departments we should be as partial as possible to the products of Irish intellect. THE CITIZEN does not, of course, uphold the absurd as well as narrow minded theory that the individuals comprising a nation should cultivate only the literature of the nation to which they belong. The human mind cannot be provincialized in such a manner, for it is by nature, and to a large extent by training, cosmopolitan. What THE CITIZEN, however, insists on, is that it is a duty incumbent on every people to know everything about itself before it is ambitious to know anything about its neighbors.

Now in the Irish schools at home the Gaelic tongue is all but suppressed; the epitomes of Irish history—rank British caricatures of historic facts—which are taught in these institutions, begin with the landing of Strongbow in Wexford, just as if the previous record of Innisfail was a huge myth or a legend of fairy lore; everything Irish and patriotic is tabooed in the choice of books supplied; and in fact, on the whole, the system of the so called "National" Board is demoralizing and denationalizing the youthhood of Ireland. Some of those boys, after having completed their primary education, are sent by flunkey fathers to colleges in England where they are taught to regard their own musical brogue as utterly vulgar, and where they pick up a mongrel accent which passes muster for "English" and "fashionable"—help the mark! In these nurseries of British cant and pomposity, the Irish youth are instructed to thank the Lord their God that they are born English children and inheritors of the inestimable blessings that fall to the lot of all subjects of the mighty British Empire. Many of these callow youngsters, it is regrettable to have to admit, lose their nationality amid such surroundings, and develop in after life into politically bigotted jackasses of a violently anti-Irish type.

Not only is the youthhood but also the manhood of Ireland demoralized by this miserable aping after everything English. The high-toned reading public in Ireland patronize only the reviews and magazines of London. Several attempts were made to establish on a solid foundation in Dublin, such well written and talented periodicals as *The Dublin Review* and *The Dublin University Magazine*, but the former of these had to be transferred to London, while the latter died at home of inanition. The result is that Ireland has no monthlies, no quarterlies, and no literary newspapers of any kind. Volumes dealing with Irish history and letters, have long since ceased to be published for there is, unfortunately, no demand for such publications. In fact, since the palmy literature days of Young Ireland, Irish literature, practically speaking, has been as dead as Queen Anne.

We are glad to observe that our Dublin contemporary has drawn public attention to this subject. THE CITIZEN trusts that the Irish people will throw off the trammels of British thought by organizing to support a distinctively Irish literature, the teachings of which are sure to foster a pure and elevated public opinion, and breathe a new and vigorous life into the spirit of Irish nationality.

MR. BOLTON AND THE CONSPIRACY LAW.

The Rev. H. W. Bolton, a Methodist minister of this city, and, as we are informed, an Irishman by blood if not by birth, delivered a very intemperate address before the alleged Patriotic Sons of America at their celebration of Washington's birthday, in Battery D, hall last Monday evening. Mr. Bolton hinted strongly at bloodshed in the event of the fanatical views of himself and fellows being disregarded. The Catholic people of this city and country were distinctly threatened with violence by Mr. Bolton. Now, supposing that some of the narrow and embittered persons addressed by Mr. Bolton, were to go forth in anger and kill citizens simply because of their Catholicity, in what position would Mr. Bolton stand as regards the law of conspiracy? Were not Spies, Parsons, Fischer, *et al.* hanged because it was held that their teachings incited to the murder of policemen at Haymarket square? Were not certain members of the so-called Clan-na-Gael placed in jeopardy of life or liberty, because of alleged incitements to violence in the Cronin murder case? These are facts that Mr. Bolton had better consider carefully. If the Patriotic Sons of America, so called, go into the murdering business, the law will know how to deal with them. Beware of incendiary speeches, Mr. Bolton. Behind thee stalks the hangman!

AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.

The diplomatic visit of the dowager empress of Germany to Paris, is the event of the day, and the one that has caused more comment in Europe than any event of the kind that has taken place for twenty years. When the dismissal of Bismarck by the young Emperor is taken into consideration in connection with his mother's visit to Paris, it is a plain indication that surprises of the most startling kind may soon be looked for in European politics. There seem to be good grounds for believing that whatever new moves the German Emperor dreams of, the benefit of England will not be the outcome of any of them.

Whatever the young man who rules Germany may be thinking of, it is plainly to be seen that he ardently desires to be friendly with France. The principal reason for this may be, as is generally believed, because he sees plainly that the triple alliance will soon cease to exist. Recent events both in Austrian and Italian political circles have shown him that the triple alliance is becoming distasteful to Austria and Italy. Russia is Germany's natural enemy, and England could not be depended on to afford Germany the least aid were she struggling against the most overwhelming odds for her very existence. The German Emperor, therefore, seeks to have France on his side if the triple alliance should come to an end, and Germany be left isolated in the middle of a hostile Europe.

But there is one thing in particular that must be considered in connection with the recent extraordinary move of the German Emperor in seeking to inaugurate friendly relations with France, and that is the state of affairs in Egypt. The American press, strangely enough, seems to have overlooked this entirely. It is here where solace may be found for those who love not the world's great "land grabber" or her ways. England's actions in Egypt would have brought about war between her and France years ago, were France's hands not tied by Germany. France dare not go to war with any great power so long as a million of men behind the Rhine were ready to pounce on her whenever an opportunity offered. England's recent career in Egypt has been that of an assassin and a robber. She destroyed one of the finest cities on the Mediterranean and killed thousands of innocent people for mere wantonness, and to give her fleet some safe war-practise. She still holds Egypt in absolute defiance of France, and in as absolute violation of her solemn pledges to evacuate that country. Recent events in Egypt, and recent utterances of Salisbury have shown plainly that England is determined to break her promises to France, and to hold the valley of the Nile. The feeling about England's action in Egypt is more bitter in France at present than at any time since the bombardment of Alexandria. The French press teems with the angriest kind of articles against England. Some French journals say plainly that if France were not handicapped by Germany, England would not dare to remain in Egypt in violation of her solemn promises to evacuate it as soon as all signs of danger from the Egyptians would disappear. Egypt is now, and has been for years, as quiet as any nation could possibly be; all signs of warlike action against England have completely disappeared; yet England holds her grip as tightly as ever. France wants Egypt to be free, but England wants to make it an English province. England says that Egypt is the highroad to India, and that she will hold it. France says—and says truly—that it was she that made Egypt, and gave it whatever it possesses of civilization and liberty; and that she did so without in any way interfering with Egypt's independence. There is no denying these facts. For fifty years French influence has been all exercised for the good of Egypt. France taught the Egyptians all they possess in the way of good government. She dug the Suez canal; she inaugurated commerce; she taught Egyptian khedives good manners and the French language; she never made the slightest attempt to destroy Egyptian liberty, or to make Egypt a French province. After more than half a century's work for the good of Egypt, England steps in, as soon as France's hands are tied, and tries to wrest from her the fruit of all her labor in Egypt, and make it a British province.

Bearing the above facts in view, the recent move of the German Emperor in trying to bring about more cordial relations between his country and France, assumes an importance that is startling, and that bodes no good to England. It may be said that the dowager empress of Germany is not only an Englishwoman, but the daughter of the English queen, and that she never would been chosen for a political agent in any mission hostile to England. It should be remembered, however, that the Princess Victoria married when she was very young, and has, since her marriage, lived outside of England, and has become thoroughly identified with the interests of the country where she has passed most of her life, over which her son rules, and which she looks on as hers. It should also be remembered that the members of the English royal family have always shown an extraordinary and unaccountable predilection for France and everything French. The English queen passes some months every year in the south of France, presumably for her health; but there are scores of places in Italy, to which she never goes, that would suit her quite as well. Wales is never so much at home as in Paris; he and his brothers and sisters speak French "like natives." The Princess Louise sorely annoyed the British-Canadians during her husband's term as governor of the Dominion, by speaking French almost entirely, not only at public entertainments in Ottawa, but even in her household. These are, it must be admitted, curious and unaccountable facts, trifling in themselves, but ones that may lead to events of great importance.

There can hardly be a doubt that it is England's monstrous selfishness and land grabbing proclivities that have made her so unpopular with all nations. Her action in Egypt, and her bulldozing of Portugal in southeastern Africa, have disgusted and angered every nation in Europe. Never in her whole career has she been more unpopular than she is now. Once France and Germany come on good terms, she will have to look out. Alsace and Lorraine seem to stand as an everlasting barrier against a rapprochement of France and Germany; but we know not what schemes the young Emperor may have in his head. He may exchange the conquered French provinces, or part of them, for some French colony. He has surprises in store for the world, and it is "devoutly to be wished" that one of them may be an alliance with France to put a stop to England's insatiable desire for plundering, land grabbing, and bulldozing and persecuting every nation weaker than herself, whenever it is in her way, or stands between her and some desired object.

Whether the young Emperor's motives in seeking the friendship of France are born of prudence, fear, or nobleness of disposition, will not divest his action of extraordinary interest and significance. He is evidently a man of great independence of thought and originality of ideas. He is one of those men who, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "will make a spoon or spoil a horn." One thing is certain: if he becomes the friend of France he will not be an ally of England.

Latest reports say that the reception of the dowager empress of Germany in Paris has not been at all cordial, and that the French government has intimated to her that a prolongation of her visit might be embarrassing. This may be true; it is very natural that the French masses should cherish ill feeling against any representative of the Prussian monarchy; but the great fact that the emperor seeks to bring about more friendly relations between Germany and France, remains unchanged. R.

LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, Arthur Wheeler and James Rosenthal have been appointed by the Appellate court the Board of Examiners to pass on the qualifications of law students seeking admission to the bar. The examination will be held at the Appellate court rooms, Friday, March 6, at 10 a. m.

THE Irish Nationalists of Philadelphia, Pa., will celebrate Robert Emmet's natal anniversary on the evening of March 3; the Nationalists of Pittsburg, Pa., on the evening of March 4; and those of Syracuse, N. Y., on the evening of March 6. John F. Finerty will be the chief speaker at all three gatherings.

LOOK HERE, BIGOTS!

Read the Following Partial List of Irish-American Friends and Defenders of the Republic, and be Ashamed of Your Bad, Bitter Hearts.

An Imposing Array of Celtic Heroes, of All Creeds, Who Served their Country Both Well and Wisely.

The following list of Irish Americans in the Revolution is very far from being complete. We could add scores of other names did our space allow. But, such as it is, it will give our readers some idea of how largely our element was represented in the persons of the officers in the first army of the Republic, who struggled for the good cause in "the days that tried men's souls."

Jeremiah O'Brien and his five brothers, all natives of Cork, Ireland, fought and won the first battle for American independence on the seas, near Machias, Maine.

Major Gen. John Sullivan, son of a Limerick schoolmaster, captured the first fort and the first gun in the war of the Revolution.

Major Gen. Joseph Warren, killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, was a relative of Sir Peter Warren, an Irishman, and commodore in the British naval service.

Commodore John Barry, "the Father of the American Navy," was a native of Wexford, and first commodore in the United States navy.

George Read, signer, son of a Dublin man.

Gen. Pickens, "one of the most active military partisans of the South." Irish-American.

James Smith, signer, Irish born.

William Whipple, general and signer, Irish-American.

Gen. John Stark, the hero of Bennington. Irish-American.

Edward Rutledge, soldier, statesman and signer. Irish-American.

Thomas McKean, signer and president of congress. Irish-American.

George Taylor, signer. Irish.

Archbishop Carroll, "the Jesuit Rebel." Irish-American.

Thomas Lynch, the youngest of the signers. Irish.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, "the last of the signers." Irish-American.

Matthew Thornton, "the honest man," signer. Irish.

Capt. Moore greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Princeton. Irish.

Major Kelly demolished the bridge over Stony Brook, near Princeton, in the face of Cornwallis' army. Irish.

Col. Nixon was a Minute Man at Lexington, wounded at Bunker Hill, and took part in the battles of Saratoga, Princeton, etc. Born in Wexford.

Col. John McClure, "one of the master spirits of South Carolina." He fell at the first fire of the Royalists at Hanging Rock, pierced with two bullets, and, at the same time, four of his cousins lay bleeding near him. His command was known as the Rocky Creek Irish. Irish-American.

Col. Zebulon Butler, one of the early settlers in the Wyoming valley. He was strongly imbued with feelings of hostility to England. His bravery at Wyoming is well known. He was a favorite of Washington. Irish.

Col. Alexander Lowry, "an Irishman by birth; a cordial hater of monarchy; a determined foe to England, and an enthusiastic republican." He advocated a separation from England from the first, and commanded the Donegal men (of Lancaster county, Pa.) at the battle of Brandywine. He received many appointments of honor in his adopted State, and was commissioned a justice of the peace for the townships of Donegal, Mountjoy, and Raphoe.

Capt. James McBride, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, married the daughter of Mr. Eager, son of the first settlers in the town of Montgomery, N.Y.; his descendants still reside there. Irish-American.

Capt. John Campbell was the son of David Campbell, an Irishman, and the pioneer who erected Campbell's Station, fifteen miles below Knoxville, Tenn. He shared in almost all the campaigns against the Indians until the close of the Revolution.

Ensign Robert Campbell distinguished himself in the battle of Long Island Flats, and also acted a meritorious part at the battle of King's Mountain. Irish-American.

Andrew Lewis, the second son of John Lewis, an Irishman, and the first settler in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, was the general who commanded at the battle of Point Pleasant.

Col. Charles Lewis, the youngest of the sons of John Lewis, fell at the head of his regiment when leading on the attack at Point Pleasant. Irish American.

William Lewis, the third son, was an active participator in the border wars, and was an officer of the Revolutionary army, in which one of his sons was killed, and another maimed for life. Irish-American.

Col. Samuel Brady was at the seige of Boston; a lieutenant at the massacre of Psoli, and in 1779-80-81 was captain of a company of rangers. Irish.

Capt. Joseph Graham joined the army at the age of 19, served through the war, and was engaged in many battles; was cut down by an English dragoon at Charlotte in 1780, after receiving six sabre cuts and three bullet wounds; recovered, and afterwards, with a force of only one hundred and thirty six men, met and defeated a band of 600 Tories. Irish.

Col. Brown, aide de camp to the Count d'Estaing at Savannah. He charged at the head of his regiment, and planted the French colors twice on the walls of Savannah, and in the third attempt was killed. Irish.

Col. Lynch, of the regiment of Walsh, distinguished for his coolness and bravery at Savannah. Irish.

David Ramsay, the historian of the Revolution; "a learned and ingenious man, sincerely religious, austerely moral, and warmly patriotic." Irish-American.

Stephen Decatur, the Nelson of America, and the son of an Irish mother. He was indebted to Commodore Barry for his warrant as a midshipman in the naval service of the United States (not in the Revolution).

Major George Graham, an active partisan during the Revolution, afterwards major general. Irish-American.

Adjutant Richard Carey, distinguished in different commands in the regular service, and member of the Ancient Artillery Company of Boston. Irish.

Anthony Wayne, commander of the Pennsylvania line, and a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Irish-American.

Major. John Caldwell, of Virginia, a brave and patriotic officer; murdered by the Tories. Irish.

Patrick Calhoun, father of John C. Calhoun, "a stout Whig." His three brothers fought for American independence; one perished by the hands of the Tories; another fell at the battle of the Cowpens with thirty sabre wounds, and a third, taken prisoner by the English, was immured for nine months in the dungeons of St. Augustine. Born in Ireland.

Matthew Mease, the purser in the "Bon Homme Richard," with Paul Jones; volunteered to serve the guns in the famous battle between that ship and the Serapis. An Irishman.

Col. John Dooly, entered the Continental army as captain in 1776. Barbarously murdered by a party of Tories in 1780 at midnight, in presence of his wife and children. Born in Strabane, Tyrone.

Robert Wilson, of North Carolina, was "a sturdy republican." He and his seven sons were in the rebel army. Irish.

Thomas Burke, "one of the purest patriots of the South." He was born in Ireland. Was member of the Continental Congress from 1777 to 1781.

Brig Gen. Griffith Rutherford was an Irishman by birth. He commanded a brigade in the battle of Camden.

Col. Francis Barber, son of Patrick Barber, of Longford, Ireland, received a commission from congress, in 1776, as major, Third battalion, New Jersey troops; was in constant service during the whole war, took part in all the battles in the North, and was severely wounded at Monmouth. He was accidentally killed by the falling of a tree at Yorktown, on the day previous to Cornwallis' surrender.

Col. John Barber, brother of Francis, commanded a company in the New York line. Irish American.

Capt. William Barber, youngest son of Patrick Barber, and brother of Francis and John Barber, commanded a company in the New York line.

Capt. William Scott served in the French war in his youth, and afterwards signalized himself by gallant achievements in the War of Independence; one of the first settlers of Dublin, N.H. Irish.

Gen. Walter Stewart belonged to the Pennsylvania line, and participated in many battles. Born in Ireland.

Col. Stephen Moylan, "The Murat of the Revolution," served in all the battles in which Washington was engaged from Boston to Yorktown; and also with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point. Born in Cork, Ireland.

Gen. Thomas Conway, one of the most maligned officers in the American army; joined Washington in Morristown; was at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and the encampment at Valley Forge. He commanded the centre at Brandywine, and when the right and left wings of the Americans gave way, Gen. Conway, with 800 men, "remained firm as a rock in midst of the wild ocean of carnage." Born in Ireland.

John Rutledge, soldier and statesman. A member of the first Continental Congress in 1774, and president and commander-in-chief of the colony of South Carolina. After the war he was elevated to the seat of chief justice of the United States. Rutledge was the son of an Irish doctor.

Col. Michael Cresup marched from Maryland to Boston, in 1776, to join the Continental army under Washington; died of sickness contracted in the service of his country. Of him Gen. George Roger Clarke said: "He must be a very great man, as the Indians palmed everything that happened upon his shoulders." Irish-American.

Simon Kenton, the companion of Daniel Boone and one of the first great pioneers of the West. His father was an Irishman.

Major Andrew McCrary, a brave and enterprising officer; killed at Bunker Hill. Irish.

Sergt. William Jasper, immortalized by his daring and patriotic achievements in the South. During the bombardment of Fort Sullivan the American flag was shot down by a ball from a British ship. "Jasper leaped the parapet, walked the length of the fort, picked up the flag, and, in the midst of the iron hail pouring on the fortress, and in sight of the whole British fleet, he fixed the flag firmly on the bastion." He received his death wound while planting the American flag upon the English works at Savannah. He was an Irishman.

Lieut Col. Joseph Habersham held the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Continental army; a member of congress from Savannah, and appointed by Washington postmaster general of the United States; was at one time president of the Hibernian Society of Savannah. The name of his brother James appears upon the first bill of credit issued bp the Provincial Congress of Georgia in 1776. Irish-American.

Robert Paterson, president of the American Philosophical Society, and director of the United States mint. A native of Ireland.

Lieut Col. David Grier, wounded at the battle of Paola, and was employed in the War Department, being unable, from the severity of the wound, to be actively engaged in the field. Born in Ireland.

Maj. John Clark, aide de camp to Greene, and confidential agent to Washington. On one occasion he captured an English standard; he was offered £200 to return it to the British government, but rejected the proposal with scorn. His grandfather was an Irish weaver.

Major Gen. Richard Montgomery laid down his life at Quebec for American freedom. Born near Raphoe, county Donegal.

Major Gen. Butler held the rank of colonel in the Continental army; tomahawked and scalped by the Indians in St. Clair's battle, on the Wabash, in 1791. Irish-American.

Andrew Brown came from Ireland to America in 1773 as a British soldier; deserted and joined the rebels, and fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Served through the war, and began the publication of the Philadelphia *Gazette* in 1788.

Robert Pollock, the first of the Pollock or Polk family in America; came from Ireland to Baltimore in 1660.

General Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg fame, Irish-American.

Robert Polk, a distinguished naval officer, Irish-American.

General Henry Knox, the first master of ordinance in the United States. His parents were Irish.

General James Clinton. Irish-American.

General George Clinton. Irish-American.

De Witt Clinton. Irish-American.

George Bryan, a judge of the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, member of congress, "protested warmly against the arbitrary measures of the British government in 1765." He was of Irish descent.

Adanus Burke, judge of the Court of Chancery in South Carolina, and in 1778 judge of the Supreme court; fought as a volunteer in the revolutionary army; born in Ireland.

Pierce Butler came to America as an officer in the British army from Ireland, but joined the rebels and fought through the war. "He was bitterly opposed to Great Britain."

Colonel Thomas Butler. "He highly distinguished himself at the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth, at the former of which he was thanked upon the field for his gallantry by Washington. He fought at the defeat of St. Clair, where his brother Richard lost his life, and led his battalion to a charge of bayonets seated on horseback after his leg had been broken by a ball. His life was saved by Capt. Edward Butler, another brother." The Butler stock came from Kilkenny.

James Glenie, a mathematician, was a native of Ireland, served as an officer of artillery in Washington's army. He wrote a history of Germany and other works.

William Killen, chancellor of the state of Delaware, and held the office of chief justice of the Supreme court of that state after the declaration of independence. Born in Ireland.

Richard O'Brien, consul general of the United States to Barbary. "A successful privateer during the revolution, and afterwards distinguished himself as a naval officer in the regular service." Irish.

Robert Aitkin, an Irish printer who came to Philadelphia in 1769. "During the contests with England he was ever on the side of the colonies, and on that account was thrown into prison by the British." He published an edition of the Bible, a magazine, and the transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

James O'Hara, one of the founders of Pittsburg, and a quartermaster general under General Wayne. Born in Ireland.

General James Irvine, brigadier general of the Pennsylvania militia, vice president of the Commonwealth under President Dickenson, and several times member of the state legislature. Irish.

Brigadier General William Maxwell joined the army at the commencement of the war, appointed colonel in 1776, served on Lake Champlain under Schuyler, and appointed brigadier in same year; was at Trenton, Brandywine, Germantown, and with the army of Valley Forge. He was in active pursuit of Clinton across New Jersey, and sustained an important part in the battle of Monmouth. Washington said of him: "I know him to be an honest man, a warm friend to his country, and firmly attached to its interests." Born in Ireland.

John Dunlap, captain of the first troop of Philadelphia horse, started the first daily paper published in America, *The Pennsylvania Packet*; was printer to the

convention of 1774, and to the first congress, and the first who printed the declaration of independence. Born in Strabane, Ireland.

Rev. Patrick Allison, one of the "Sons of Liberty" in Baltimore, and a chaplain in the Continental army. Irish American.

Col. John Fitzgerald, the beloved aid of Washington; present in all the battles in which the commander-in-chief was engaged. Irish.

Thomas Fitzsimmons commanded a volunteer company during the war; was member of congress, and one of the thirty-six delegates by whom the Constitution of the United States was promulgated. Born in Ireland.

Matthew Potter, the first judge of probate after the Revolution. Born in Ireland.

Charles Thompson, the "perpetual secretary of the old Revolutionary Congress." Born in Ireland.

Hugh Williamson, a physician, patriot of note and an historical writer. Served in the army of the Revolution. Irish-American.

Rev. William Wisg, chaplain in the rebel army and author. Born in Pennsylvania of Irish parents.

Alexander Graydon, author of a classic volume of "Preonal and Revolutionary Memoirs," took part in the battle of Long Island, and was captured at Harlem Heights. His parents were Irish.

Hugh Henry Brackenridge, author of "Modern Chivalry," one of the finest political satires America has produced, was chaplain in Washington's army. His father was a poor Irish farmer, who emigrated to America when his son was only 5 years old.

Peter Francisco, one of the strongest and most daring men in the American army. He served in both the Northern and Southern armies, and took part in almost all the battles of the war. He, upon one occasion, fought and defeated nine of Tarleton's dragoons. He came from Ireland to America when a boy.

Major James Gibbons, a gallant officer, known as "the hero of Stony Point," he having led the forlorn hope when Wayne he led, seventeen were killed or wounded. Irish-American.

John Byrne, a private of the line, was captured and confined on board the infamous Jersey, prison ship. The English admiral offered him a large bribe and speedy promotion to desert his adopted country. Byrne answered by shouting: "Hurrah for America!" For this he was subjected to the most cruel tortures, but he remained true to the last and lived to see America a free nation. Born in Ireland.

Thomas Nelson, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Irish-American.

Lieut. James Montgomery, of the Pennsylvania line, entered St.Clair's army early in 1776, and served with credit during the war. Irish.

Capt. Samuel Moore, of the Pennsylvania line; his company was mainly composed of Irish and Irish-Americans.

Colonel Horry, Colonel McDonald, Capt. Coynes and Capt. McAul, some of Marion's men. Irish.

Blair McClenehan, a merchant of Philadelphia, subscribed $50,000 to clothe, feed and equip the American army. Irish.

Colonel Wilson, an Irish-American, received the colors from the conquered Britons at Yorktown. Colonel at the age of 18.

Colonel Thomas McLaughlin, one of Stark's riflemen at Bunker Hill, Bennington, etc. Irish.

Captain William McKeraghan, killed in battle of Wyoming. Irish.

Dr. Corcoran, surgeon general of the middle department of the revolutionary army, and afterwards director general of the hospitals of the United States. Irish.

Colonel Arthur Dillon, the commander of the Irish brigade in the French service, He had 2,800 men under his command, "for the most part Irish;" one company of the regiment of Dillon, consisted of 194 men, were ordered to charge against an English battery at Savanah; they did so, and only 90 men returned alive.

Judge Gaston, of Fishing Creek, near the Catawba. He was eighty years of age at the time of the revolution, and a staunch rebel. "He had nine sons in the rebel army. When they heard of the massacre of the patriots on the Waxhaw, by Tarleton, these young men joined hands, pledged themselves henceforth never to submit to oppression, and from that time they all bore arms in the defense of liberty." Irish-Americans.

William Thompson, a relative of Chas. Thompson, secretary of the continental congress. He was colonel of a regiment of rangers, and served from 1776 till the end of the war. Irish.

Joseph Reed, "the friend and councillor of Washington." He was offered $50,000 and the best office in the colonies if he would join the Royal Standard, but though a poor man, indignantly spurned the bribe. Irish American.

General Edward Hand, a lieutenant colonel in 1775 in the regiment of his countryman, Charles Thompson; next year full colonel, and afterwards brigadier general. Served through the war. Irish. —*Irish World, July 4, 1876.*

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility find great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.

WASHINGTON HONORED.

By the Faculty and Students of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Oration of the Day Delivered by John F. Finerty, of Chicago.

[Special Correspondence.]

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Feb. 25, 1891.—The one hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary of the birth of General George Washington was celebrated at the University of Michigan, in this city, on Monday, Feb 23. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, was the speaker of the day, selected by the students of the law department of the University, in accordance with established custom. Among previous orators in recent years were Gov. Vance, of North Carolina; the Hon. John Atkinson, of Detroit, and the Hon. John M. Thurston, of Iowa. The attendance at the celebration of last Monday was the largest witnessed in many years. The great hall of the main building, which seats 3,500 people, was filled before 2 o'clock, the hour set for the commencement of the exercises. About 500 ladies were in attendance, and their rich costumes and handsome faces lit up to advantage the magnificent array of youthful, vigorous manhood, which thronged the floor and galleries. There are fully 2 400 students in the University of Michigan, and over 130 professors direct their studies. The music for the occasion was furnished by the University orchestra, and their performances were rewarded with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Finerty, who was most warmly received, was introduced by Prof. Knowlton, Dean of the Law Institute, who presided. He announced the subject as "Founding of the Republic—American Amalgamation."

Mr. Finerty, when the cheers subsided, said that a University paper had done him the honor of including him in the legal profession. Nothing would give him (Mr. F.) greater pleasure than to plead guilty to so honorable a charge, but it happened that he was exclusively enlisted in the great army of American journalism. He was, doubtless, addressing many future congressmen [cheers and laughter], several future senators ["Hear" and laughter] and, most probably, dozens of future governors, and, perhaps, three or four future presidents of the republic. [Loud cheers and laughter.] At all events, most of his hearers were destined, in the natural course of events, to make and administer the laws of the country, but he (Mr. Finerty) belonged to a profession which virtually possessed the vetoing power in this land [applause] That power was usually supposed to be vested in the President of the United States, or the governors of the respective states, but it truly rested in the editors of the great newspapers of the country, because any law they attacked, when they got their heads together, and used their pens together, if it was a bad law, was certain to be overthrown. [Loud cheers]

But they had come together, in majestic numbers, on that occasion, to do honor to the great man whose glorious title of "Father of his Country" had never been challenged. He was not alone its father in the material sense, in the political sense, but also in the moral sense, in the example he set of courage, knowledge, piety, fortitude and broad, generous toleration.

Mr. Finerty then succinctly sketched the military and political career of Washington up to the foundation of the republic. The light of the great man's genius and the magnetism of his patriotism had attracted from nearly all the countries of the old world the fervent and heroic spirits of the age, to pledge heart and sword for the freedom of the colonies oppressed and driven to bay by what was then called "the mother country." France sent her illustrious LaFayette; Germany, Von Steuben and DeKalb; Poland, Kosciuscko and Pulaski; England, Horatio Gates and Thomas Paine—the man who declared that "Europe, not England, is the mother country of America," [prolonged cheers]; Scotland that meteoric genius of the seas, whose bold privateers chased English commerce from the deep—the immortal Paul Jones [loud applause], and Ireland that splendid soldier whose name will be imperishable while the cliffs of Quebec stand as his massive monument—Richard Montgomery. [Prolonged cheering] George Washington did not question to what race those noble spirits belonged, or at what altar they worshipped, he only judged them by their deeds and by their services; by their sagacity in the council, and their valor in the field. He did not question their loyalty, and when treason did imperil the main fortress of the American revolutionists, the traitor was not found among the foreign-born generals. [Applause.] One traitor was not a large proportion among thousands of American patriots; but it was, perhaps, needless to remark that America found some of the fiercest opponents of her independence among people born on her soil. Such, however, had been the fate of most nations who attempted to throw off a foreign yoke.

What was the lesson taught by the brotherhood of patriotism that had summoned to the assertion of liberty on American battlefields such heroes as those who had thronged around the standard of George Washington? This: That, as the blood of all freely commingled in the conflict for liberty, so should the blood of all races and of all nations have an inherent right to enjoy the privileges of freedom in the land which their fathers' sacrifices emancipated from a galling tyranny. [Prolonged applause.] To paraphrase the words of a brilliant Frenchman—there was no American race. America was the glorious political entity which all worshipped as the great republic. [Applause.] Narrow and bigoted men might arrogate to themselves the sole privilege of living here in peace, honor and prosperity; they might raise the old, selfish and delusive cry of "America for the Americans," but George Washington, in the selection of his military family from among the representatives of different nations, had pointed the moral that it was not necessary to be born on American soil in order that a man might be American in heart, mind and action. [Loud applause.] The American revolutionists did not assume an attitude of mean and selfish exclusiveness when they entered on the struggle for freedom and independence. The uniforms of the grenadiers of Count Rochambeau flashed beside those of the "old Continentals," when, amid the thunder of the combined cannonade of France and of America, the stars and stripes rose like a beacon of light and hope above the riven ramparts of Yorktown, and the red flag of St. George disappeared forever from the fair horison of American liberty. [Enthusiastic cheering]

Mr. Finerty then pictured the home life of Washington, after he had surrendered his sword and commission to congress, when peace was established and American independence was recognized; how he, with the keen instinct of a noble patriotism, beheld the defects in the loose system of confederation which followed the acknowledgment of the the liberty of the thirteen colonies; how he left Mount Vernon, at the call of public duty, in 1787, to help so largely in framing that noble constitution of 1789, under which, with some amendments rendered necessary by more modern conditions, the republic still moved in its mighty orbit among the governmental systems; how he, with reluctance, accepted the presidency for a first and second term, and positively declined a third term, in order to set an example of modesty and self sacrifice to posterity and to check unworthy or ill considered ambition in after days; how he again retired to Mount Vernon, hoping never more to be called upon to leave its peaceful and beloved shades; how, at the call of President Adams, when the unfriendly policy of M. de Talleyrand, under the first French republic, made an invasion of this country probable, he accepted the command in chief of the armies, although in his 66th year. The speaker said that one of the great distinguishing traits in the character of George Washington was the sacrifice, oftentimes, of his own dearest predilections, and his closest personal friendships, to what he believed to be for the common weal. Thus, when President Adams called upon him to reorganize the army, in 1798-7, Washington travelled to Philadelphia, and, recognizing that the military system of the Great Frederick had been superseded by the more brilliant and rapid tactics of Generals Dumourier, Pichegru, Jourdan, Massena and Bonaparte, he appointed Alexander Hamilton and William Coates Pinckney, majors general, thus superseding the veteran Henry Knox, whose services during the Revolutionary war had won the admiration of both friends and enemies. Washington's decision greatly offended Knox, and he wrote the commander in chief a most bitter and regretful letter, which gave Washington great pain, because it made a breach in the friendship of a lifetime. Pinckney generously offered to serve under Knox, but Washington, in the interests of the public good, remained inflexible, and, although Knox afterward repented and reconciliation followed, the occurrence left an indelible scar on the noble heart of Washington.

The speaker then proceeded to trace the effects of Washington's personal as well as political virtues on the future of his country. In dealing with this branch of the subject Mr. Finerty paid glowing tributes to the merits and services of Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S Grant, Philip H. Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. At the close of each sentence, which recounted the illustrious actions of those great men, whose existence had been made possible by the courage and endurance of Washington and his comrades in arms and at the council table, the applause lasted for several minutes, the men waving their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs.

Mr. Finerty then continued by saying that the evil spirits of race and religious bigotry must be exorcised from the body of the nation. Americans should not, with their great opportunities, be narrow and distrustful in regard to their fellow citizens of foreign birth, no matter what creed they might profess. History arose to bear strong witness that the men who were true to liberty in Europe were also true to it in America. Did not Carl Schurz, Franz Siegel and Frederick Hecker fight for liberty in Germany? Did they not also fight for it in the United States? [Great cheering] Did not Thomas Francis Meagher, Michael Doheny and Michael Corcoran strive for liberty in Ireland? The rear guard at Manassas and Malvern Hill, and the fated vanguard at the sunken road of Antietam and the stone wall of Fredericksburg, where the Green flags were dyed crimson with the blood of America's defenders in the Irish Brigade, gloriously attested the devotion of the Irish patriot exiles to the integrity of the Union and the emancipation of the slave. [Prolonged cheering.]

Americans, in the light of their own history, in view of the well known fact that their great emissary, Benjamin Franklin, visited nearly all the courts and parliaments of Europe seeking friends and allies for the patriots of the Revolution, could not justly or consistently ask a foreign born citizen to turn his back, coldly and unnaturally, on the moving spectacle of his native country seeking to establish within her own borders the system of liberty which Americans enjoyed by virtue of the valor of Europeans as well as that of the natives of the soil. [Applause] If liberty was desirable in America, it was also desirable in Europe. For his own part, he (Mr. Finerty) sympathized with the cause of liberty whether manifested in Poland, in Ireland, in Bulgaria or in Ethiopia. [Great applause.] The mystic brotherhood of the human race was broader than even the boundaries of the American republic. [Prolonged cheering] No true American could be a bigot or a proscriptionist. [Applause.]

Mr. Finerty then made a warm appeal for mutual good feeling between all races, creeds, colors and conditions in the republic, as illustrated by the noble, cosmopolitan character of the membership of the University of Michigan. Each should be charitable to the other, and all should work together for American prosperity, but not refuse their moral support to Canada, or any other country that might wish to emancipate itself from a condition of monarchical barbarism to embrace the blessings of American enlightenment and civilization. [Great applause and laughter.]

In conclusion, the speaker apostrophized the national flag and pictured the greatness of the future of the nation which it symbolized—that nation already great, but still in its infancy when its possibilities are contemplated. Union, education, toleration, charity, public honor and private virtue could, and would, make the republic perpetual. Man did not live by bread alone, nor republics by gold alone. America was never more heroic, never more worthy of admiration and loyalty, than when she was poor and struggling, in the days when the threadbare rags of her brave defenders fluttered, like ravens' wings, in the Winter blasts at Valley Forge. [Applause.] Wealth was not the only principle of life in nations. It was well that America had reached a pitch of prosperity so great that her treasury, despite the mighty drain upon it, was never empty, but mere materialism should ever be held subservient to national pride and dignity. The poor, even more fervently than the rich, who could live anywhere, prayed for the preservation of the republic, the common property of all. [Applause] Animated by this spirit, the gates of despotism could not prevail against it. The mighty march of its thronging legions on the path of progress would shake the solid earth and resound throughout the globe, making tyrants pause in their career of mad brutality, whether practiced on Jew, Christian or heathen; and rouse the slumbering souls of the enslaved, like the trumpet call of duty, and thus, in the words of a matchless orator, would the great republic continue "prosperous, limitless and invincible." [Taree successive rounds of applause and the deafening college cheer, marked the close of the address.]

An informal reception was afterward held in the lobby of the Law Institute, and, in the evening, Mr. Finerty was entertained by a large party of students and their friends at Hibernian Hall.

H. M. P.

MURPHY OF KILLALA.

An Episode of the Landing of the French, August, 1798.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

'Twas in Killala bay, my boys—'twas in Killala bay,
On, brightly shone the autumn sun throughout that glorious day
On Humbert in his stars and gold, and on his gallant band,
Who crossed the sea to right our wrongs, and free our native land.
How we gathered 'round the French, my boys, with pulses beating wild—
The old, the young, the weak, the strong, the *canithee* and child!
How with tears and cheers we thanked them in Ireland's name that day
There in Killala bay, my boys—there in Killala bay!

But hark whose manly voice is this?—what figure straight and tall
Is his that like a tow'ring oak o'ertops his soldiers all?
'Tis Humbert's self who speaks, my friends, and this is his request:—
"I want a skipper, stout and bold, the bravest and the best,
To carry to the Directoire this message-scroll from me—
That Humbert and his faithful troops have safely crossed the sea,
That the Green Flag and the Tricolor are waving here today
In joy and pride on land and tide o'er broad Killala bay!"

Then out from all that surging crowd, his eyes aglow with flame,
There stepped a hardy skipper, and Murphy was his name;
And thus he spake to Humbert: "I may not idly boast,
But, Captain mine, I know each creek upon the Connacht coast;
The Channel is my hunting ground, and at a moment's glance
I'd tell you the geography of all the parts of France;
So if you wish with right good skill to execute your plan,
You've only just to give the word, and Murphy is your man!"

"'Tis well so far," the Frenchman said, "but in your very soul
Do you not know the risk you run, as bearer of this scroll?
For if the English cruisers, friend, could board you passing by,
Their tars would string you by the neck upon the mainmast high!"
"I'm far too clever to be caught," quoth Murphy eagerly,
"But if it be my fate to swing, what matters it to me?
Shall Captain Murphy shirk his post, and turn his head and fly
Where many a host of Irishmen would proudly love to die?"

Oh, we cheered the gallant skipper that glorious Autumn day
There in Killala bay, my boys—there in Killala bay!
And on that eve his brig put out with floating sails to sea—
Oh never sailed a captain bold and venturesome as he!
Three days have passed, he lands at Brest; three days have come and fled,
And lo! he finds in Paris town green laurels on his head,
For he has brought in safety, boys, the scroll which had to say
That Humbert and his troops were lords of broad Killala bay.

"*Vive-vive le galant* Murphy!" the Paris burghers cry,
"Long live the isle of Erin!" doth rend the arching sky—
"Now Humbert treads her verdent soil and fights her cartiff foes,
And hands will strike for centuried wrongs one hundred thousand blows!"
And lo the cry that rent the sky sprang o'er the echoing wave,
And nerved our souls to liberty, and told us to be brave!
My blessing on that sunlit noon of August's brightest day
There in Killala bay, my boys—there in Killala bay!

Ah, would to God we now had men who'd fight to win their own—
A Humbert and a Murphy, a Teeling and a Tone,
And coborts and battalions who would march in file once more
Beneath the flag of Erin and France's Tricolor!
'Tis then we'd deal the tyrant death, and strike oppression down,
And dance upon his scepter, and trample on his crown,
And stand, as freemen stood in pride upon that glorious day,
There in Killala bay, my boys—there in Killala bay.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for March contains among a great variety of reading, Peter McCorry's third letter from Ireland. Thomas Hamilton Murray gives a very interesting article describing the labors of "Forty Notable Americans." Joseph W. Gaven writes a biographical sketch of Patrick J Meehan of the *Irish American*. Rev. D O'Crowley gives an account of an Ancient Irish Poet. Cardinal Newman's Sayings and Doings are continued. The Juvenile Department is as interesting as usual.

OBITUARY.

COL. R. F. O'BEIRNE.

Col. Richard F. O'Beirne, of the 21st U. S. Infantry, who was in command of Fort Sheridan, near this city, up to last December, died in New York of Bright's disease, on the 24th inst. He was born in Ireland and served in the Irish Papal Brigade in Italy in 1860. In 1861 he came to America, enlisted in the Union army and fought throughout the war, rising to the rank of captain. He was only recently promoted to the colonelcy of the 21st regiment. He leaves a widow and several children. Col. O'Beirne's companions in arms, who came from Ireland to fight for the Union, after the defeat of the Papal army, were Col. J. G. Coppinger, who still survives; Maj. O'Keefe, killed at Chicamauga; Capt. P. F. Clooney, killed at Antietam; Col M. W. Keogh, killed with Custer, and Lieuts. Costello and Dargan both killed in the early part of the civil war,

THE HON. JOHN LAWLER.

A distinguished citizen of Wisconsin passed away on the 23d inst. in the person of the Hon. John Lawler, of Prairie du Chien, who died of a paralytic stroke after ten days of suffering. Mr. Lawler was born in Ireland in 1832 and came to this country, settling in the west, while still quite young He was chiefly identified with railroad and general transportation interests. He leaves a widow, five sons and three daughters.

The Gaelic Athletic Association.

The future looks bright for the Gaelic Athletic Association. The different clubs of the city, fully represented, met in convention Sunday last at Horan's Hall, corner Halsted and Harrison streets. The chief business of the convention was to consider the question of securing grounds for the coming season. The report of a committee that had been appointed for that purpose was that grounds had been secured which are located in a central part of the city. From the earnest and business like work of the convention all bids fair for the Gaelic Athletic Association to attain a position amongst athletic associations second to none in the country. The question of St. Patrick's Day parade was introduced by Capt. L Buckley, and all were enthusiastic in turning out in grand display. Mr. J. S. Hyland acted as chairman at the convention.

R. W. WOLFE.

Emmet's Day in Nashville.

The Emmet Club, of this city, have never yet allowed the anniversary of the birth of the martyred hero and patriot to pass without fitting recognition, and the 4th of March this year will be no exception. In addition to a pleasing musical programme, an oration will be delivered at the Watkins Institute on that night by the Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, one of the most eloquent and gifted orators of the country. It will be his first visit to the South, and the occasion will be duly celebrated in a befitting manner by the Emmet Club.—*Nashville American.*

The Cleburne Monument.

A Nashville, Tenn., paper, of a recent date, says: "The Rev. Patrick O'Brien, of Cleveland, O., an Irishman who wore the blue in the war, is taking a decided interest in the monument to be erected at Helena, Ark., to the memory of Gen. Patrick Cleburne, who fought on the other side and who was killed at Franklin, Tenn. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* gives the letter of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien in reference to the appeal from the women who have this matter in charge. "The military record of this great Confederate general," says the letter, "is an honor to the land of his birth, Ireland, and the race from which he sprung. The martial spirit of the Irish Celtic race was gloriously illustrated in the late war by Sheridan in the North and Cleburne in the South. I appeal to Irishmen everywhere to contribute toward the erection of a monument that is to mark the last resting place of our gallant countryman, whose noble martial spirit took its flight from earth on the bloody field of Franklin, Tenn., where he fell in the midst of the fight. Ireland has furnished many a brave soldier to fight the battles of foreign countries. God grant the day may come when the military genius of her sons will be employed to raise her from thraldom to a proud position among the nations of the earth."

Premature gray whiskers should be colored to prevent the appearance of age, and Buckingham's Dye is by far the best preparation to do it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Notice

is hereby given that the stockholders of the Curran Lumber and Brick Dryer Manufacturing Co. will hold a special meeting at the office of the company, Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, March 7, 1891, at 8 p. m., for the purpose of changing name to Curran Dry Kiln Co.

JOHN J. CURRAN, President.

IRISH NEWS.

Patrick Hackett has been re-arrested charged with the murder of Patrick Flahive, at Ballyhelgue.

At Tipperary on a recent Sunday Canon Cahill and Father Power officiated, and both reverend gentlemen addressing their congregations, censured severely the practise of boycotting which has been carried on here for some time. The two reverend gentlemen actively participated in the initiation of the Smith Barry fight in that town nearly two years since.

In the house of lords on Jan. 30 the Athenry & Tuam railway bill was read a second time.

The annual meeting of the Carlow, Tinryland, and Benekerry National League was held in the town hall, Carlow. The Rev. Edward Kavanagh, Adm., Carlow, resigned the chairmanship of the branch in consequence of the support given to Mr. Parnell by the members, and Michael Governey, T.C., was elected president.

Scotch merchants are buying large quantities of potatoes in the North of Ireland and then selling them to the board of guardians in other portions of Ireland as genuine Scotch champions.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

OVER-WORK.

Office of the High Court of Illinois Catholic Order Foresters, 126 and 128 Washington Street.
CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1887.

REV. E. KOENIG: *Dear Sir:*—I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove a great blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,

JNO. F. SCANLAN,
H. C. R.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

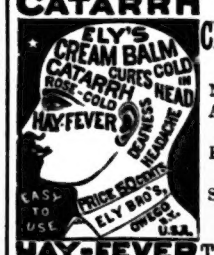
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.
W. C. SCUPHAM 63 State St.
E. H. HELLER 3022 Archer Av, Chicago.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM



Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
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2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

MAYBE LAND.

Beyond where the marshes are dank and wide
Is a ladder of red and gold,
Where the sun has sunk in the shifting tide
Of the clouds that the night elves mold.
It leads to the portals of Maybe Land,
Whose castles and groves we see,
On a vapor bank o'er the mists expand,
To darken the wind swept sea.

'Tis there that our wishes are all made true,
Where frowns may not mar the brow,
Where storms never mutter the whole year through,
Where Then is transformed to Now,
And only the dreamer who idly halts
With a pencil and brush in hand
Can travel the path to the mystic vaults
And the treasures of Maybe Land.
—Philander Johnson in Washington Post.

LOVE AND RAPIERS.

The village of Bay St. Louis was a favorite dueling ground in the days when an appeal to swords or to pistols was thought by southern gentlemen to be the only honorable way of settling personal grievances. Those days are past, and now there is not a more peaceful and certainly not a more beautiful town in all the picturesque coast country.

If ever you shall be going to New Orleans by way of the railroad from Mobile you will find it well worth while to stop and spend a few days at this lovely summer resort.

If you will take a carriage and a driver who knows the place you may spend a day or two delightfully in exploring the ins and outs, by highway and byway, of a settlement that dates back to the time when the Spaniards and the French were playing battledore and shuttlecock with all our rich and salubrious gulf-coast country. Even now in the streets and picturesque little shops of Bay St. Louis you hear the soft accents of Spain and the polite intonations of Paris.

The people have soft voices and gentle manners, and it is hard to imagine, much harder to believe, that it was ever true of them that they stood ready, on the strength of the slightest insult, to fight to the death as a matter of honor; but so it was. There are men living now who saw many duels in the days of the "code." One charming old gentleman informed the present writer that he had witnessed twenty hostile meetings with sword or pistol.

Before the days of the railroad which now makes Bay St. Louis but one hour and thirty minutes from New Orleans, the only approach was by water, save from the interior of Mississippi. This rendered the place one of the most secluded nooks in America, and, as a matter of course, a considerable number of refugees from justice or from misfortune or tyranny fled thither; but the larger part of the population was highly respectable; some of it was made up, especially in summer, of the wealthiest and best French families of New Orleans, who came by steamboat to spend the hot season in elegant cottages on the breezy bluffs.

Nearly all the duels ever fought at Bay St. Louis took place in one or another secluded spot in the lonely woods behind the town. These woods are now dotted with creole and negro cottages, the homes of poor people, who find an easy if not luxurious life where the fish in the bayous and the fruits on the trees are to be had with but the smallest outlay of labor. Ever since the place was first settled, and even before, these woods have been a maze of crossed and tangled roads, paths and trails first made by the Indians. You can ride or drive everywhere and in every direction, and yet the growth is thick, often obstructing the sight on all sides. Now and again you come upon little natural glades or openings set in wild grass and surrounded with a wall of trees. These are the spots that were chosen for the dreadful work of the duelists.

About the year 1824 two young men of New Orleans were lovers of a beautiful girl by the name of Marie de Noyant, whose father had a summer place at Bay St. Louis. Of course, Marie could not accept the attentions of both if she loved either, and as Honore Chauvin had captured her heart, there was nothing for Pierre Maton to do but to challenge his successful rival to mortal combat.

The three families—Noyants, Chauvins and Matons—were of the best in New Orleans, and had always been on the most intimate terms socially. Honore and Pierre had known Marie from her childhood up; they had been her playmates, her friends, and now they were her lovers. Both were handsome, rich and honorable, as honor was understood at the time and place. If Marie hesitated to choose between them it was not because of any doubt in her heart. She knew that she loved Honore, and quite as well she was aware that under no circumstances could she ever love Pierre. Still it was very hard for her, when Pierre came to her home on the bay and asked her to be his wife—it was hard to break in on his passionate appeal with the truth that must crush him. She begged for time to consider, and thus put off the unpleasant, nay, the torturing, duty that she owed to herself and to her lovers. But the moment came when she could no longer procrastinate. Honore, doubtless aware that his rival was besieging the citadel of his lady's heart, came also to Bay St. Louis and urged his suit.

Gently, kindly, sweetly as she could, Marie put an end to Pierre's hopes; but it was not in her power to blunt in the least the terrible point of her refusal. Love is not to be set aside with politeness, nor can it be assuaged by generous friendship and tender kindness. Anything short of love is a stab to love.

"Then it is Honore Chauvin that you care for, Marie?" said Pierre, rising to go.

Marie arose also, and they stood looking at each other. They had been sitting on a vine covered veranda, with the waves of the bay tumbling in against the beach in full view.

"Yes, Pierre," she said presently, "I will not deceive you or evade your question. I do love Honore, and I promised him today that I would be his wife."

Pierre stood dumb for a while. There was nothing for him to say; words were not made that could in any way serve his turn in this moment of utter defeat.

"Oh, I am so sorry, so grieved, Pierre, to see you feel like this!" cried Marie. "You know I love you as a brother is loved, very, very much, and"——

"As a brother!" muttered Pierre, with bitter, desperate emphasis—"as a brother!" And he turned and left the girl's presence without another word.

She made a movement as if to follow him, but he had passed down the steps and out of the gate with long strides, like some actor in a melodrama.

Her first thought was of danger to Honore Chauvin; for in those days the hot French blood rarely cooled without first having boiled over in deadly fight.

What Pierre Maton did was to go straight to his friend Honore Chauvin and slap him in the face.

"That for Marie de Noyant!" he exclaimed, still choking with the desperate choler excited by his sense of defeat. "That for you!" he went on, repeating the insulting blow. Then he turned and left Honore, well knowing what would follow.

The challenge was promptly sent and as promptly accepted.

The following morning at a little past sunrise the combatants, with their seconds and surgeons, met in a small open space where two or three little wildwood roads, dim and straggling, crossed each other in the forest part of what was then known as the Toulme plantation. They were to fight with swords.

The weapons were measured, positions chosen, the word given, and the fight to the death was begun by a thin, keen, far reaching clink of steel crossing steel.

Many a time had these young men, now eager for each other's blood, fenced in manly play, and well did both know how equally were they matched, and how doubtful was the outcome of the struggle they were beginning. Both were pale, but cool and wary; in their eyes burned the hateful fire of unforgiving anger. The seconds stood aside, silently but intently gazing on; the surgeons, a little farther away, held their bandages and instruments ready.

Honore Chauvin, to do him justice, did not wish to kill Pierre Maton, but meant, if he could, to disable him. This, however, was not so easy, for Pierre, eager to slay, and burning with rage of disappointed passion, was fighting like a mad tiger, and yet with supreme vigilance and art.

Their swords cut the air with hissing swiftness and filled the space with a clangor and shower of spiteful sparks that might well have stilled all the wild songs of the birds in the woods roundabout. Once the keen point of Pierre's rapier barely touched Honore's throat, letting the least show of blood. In turn Pierre felt a tingling scratch on his own breast, but this exchange of touches only shot into the fight a new access of energy. As the exercise began to steady their excited nerves and lend suppleness to their leaping muscles they redoubled their efforts, and Honore forgot his resolve to only wound Pierre, while Pierre felt his desire to kill swell into a steady, deadly tempest of passion.

Again and again each of the combatants received slight wounds, mere scratches; but neither appeared able to break the other's guard or to find an undefended point, such touches as they had given and received being more the result of close fighting than of advantage either way. But no matter how young and strong they were, or how expert, this could not last very long. The tremendous strain was sure to tell. Who would fail first and permit the other to make the fatal pass?

They were panting now, and the white foam was gathering on their purple lips. Their eyes, starting and glaring with concentrated fury, were fixed and terrible in their animal expression. It was as if these two men, so lately friends and almost brothers, were ready to mangle and devour each other like savage wild beasts.

Happily the time when such things could be has gone by, but it is by keeping record of those strange acts that we are able to understand the growth of our present civilization. The duel lingered longer in the south than in the north, and especially in the low country did it last without much sign of passing away till some time after the close of our great war. Looking back now we can scarcely realize that only half a century ago it was a common occurrence for two men to do what we are witnessing between Honore Chauvin and Pierre Maton.

So much was dueling a part of the life of the people in the early years of the present century that in some parts of our country to refuse a challenge was to invste social ostracism, and not to give and not to give one on fit occasion was sure to attract contempt.

The seconds and the surgeons stood by so wrapped in contemplation of the even handed fight, so engrossed in watching the leaping blades, and so forgetful of everything save this play of death, that they did not hear the sound of wheels and the rapid beating of a flying horse's feet. As for the principals, they would not have heard if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. They were now fighting in the last spurt of strength before one or the other must fail. Each felt that if his antagonist held up a few minutes longer all would be over. The reflection of this thought set a terrible light in their drawn and haggard faces.

The muffled sound of wheels in the sand and of the furious flight of a horse came nearer and nearer. The seconds leaned forward as the intensity of their sympathy with their principals seemed to shrivel them, as if with heat; the surgeons unconsciously drew closer to the panting, laboring duelists.

Honore Chauvin at this moment made a lunge; Pierre avoided it by a supreme effort; the movement caused them to exchange positions, and as they did so Pierre shot out a quick thrust that pierced Honore's sleeve without touching the flesh; his point hung a half second, and Honore was just in the act of running him through when he tripped on a small root and staggered back. Now they both rallied and renewed the contest with a momentary show of returning strength; but Honore was failing. Pierre saw this and rushed upon him with feeble but furious energy, striving to beat down his guard. He had succeeded, and Honore was at his mercy. The next breath there was a sharp cry of terror, the voice of a woman in utter distress, and a strange, dull rushing sound followed by a crash.

The duelists were swept from their feet and dashed headlong, a horse tumbled over them and the fragments of a small vehicle were scattered around. In the midst of this wreck thus hurled upon the contestants a young woman rose to her feet and stood, beautiful, disheveled, frightened almost to madness, but unhurt. It was Marie de Noyant.

The horse, after falling and rolling over, struggled to its feet, and, with parts of its harness still clinging to it and trailing and whirling about, ran frantically away through the woods in the direction of the town.

Overcome for a moment, the seconds and surgeons stood staring and motionless, but they were men of nerve, and needed but time to take a breath and pull themselves together before springing forward to the assistance of Honore and Pierre, who lay as if dead on the ground where the shock of the collision had flung them.

Marie de Noyant had arisen early that morning to keep a promise she had made to visit a sick and extremely aged creole woman who lived in a small house back in the woods on the road to Jordon river. Feeling oppressed with what had occurred between her and Pierre, she ordered her servant to fetch her pony and and cart and drove away alone before the rest of the household were up. She left the servant behind, wishing to be entirely free to commune with her heart and to devise if possible some means of softening Pierre's disappointment. While she feared that something dreadful might come of the terrible passion of the young man, she did not dream that, even while she drove slowly along the dim road under the trees, a duel was in progress between him and Honore Chauvin. Her pony, a stout, gentle animal, jogged quietly forward in the sand between the tufts of Spanish bayonet and thickets of bay bushes; overhead the pine trees moaned and the grand magnolias rustled their stiff, glossy foliage.

Suddenly three or four goats, part of a herd that had been turned out to graze and browse in the woods, leaped out of a little tangle of tall wild grass hard by and dashed across the road close in front of the pony. Marie at the time was absorbed in thought and held the lines with a slack hand. The pony took fright, as the gentlest horse sometimes will, and whirled about and, almost upsetting the cart, ran away through the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. The movement whisked the lines out of Marie's grasp, and so she lost control. Discovering his freedom, and crazed with fright, the hitherto gentle little animal now became a savage and terrible beast, reckless of everything, giving no attention to road or direction.

The reader will understand at once how the catastrophe came about at the dueling ground, for the pony, accidentally heading itself that way, ran madly and blindly upon the combatants. It was found dead a half mile from the spot, with Pierre's rapier sheathed to the hilt in its breast. It had struck the weapon's point just as it was about to dart into the heart of Honore Chauvin.

The strangest part of the whole adventure was that Marie escaped without even the slightest hurt.

The young men were borne to the nearest house, where for many hours they lay side by side insensible. Honore's hurts were nearly fatal, and Pierre was crippled for life. In the course of their convalescence they both received the gentle and untiring care of Marie, and before they were able to leave the horse their friendship had been restored.

Aunt Clothilde, a very old colored woman, who speaks nothing but the French patois of the creole country, is the only survivor of the slaves owned by Marie de Noyant's father at the time of the duel. You may, if you will visit her in her little house on Hospital street in New Orleans, have the story, that I have here sketched, told to you in the most picturesque way, and it always ends with a minute description of how beautiful Marie looked in her white wedding gown when she and Honore Chauvin were married.

In the course of frequent and long sojourns in the old French region of the south I have made note of many romantic, odd or otherwise interesting stories of dueling, but none of them seems to me more strange than this told me by Aunt Clothilde.

Last winter I visited the spot where the duel was fought, and while I tried to imagine the scene as it was sixty-six years ago a mocking bird quavered its incomparable flute score from a wax myrtle bush on the edge of a flowery thicket hard by. What a peaceful spot it was!—Maurice Thompson in New York Ledger.

Effects of Pride.

An ancient and distinguished individual writes:

"I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I used to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studious and acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, I would accumulate property; if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self denial would do it (which will not always). I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circumspect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me that I was undeserving such coluness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above, themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the consolation of being conscious of not deserving the hauteur which they displayed to me."—New York Ledger.

THIRTEEN YEARS IN ARCTIC SEAS.

Terrible Discovery of a Sea Captain Over One Hundred Years Ago.

One evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warren, the master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs in about 77 degs. north latitude. They were of immense height and wedged together, and a succession of snow covered peaks appeared behind them as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter.

Capt. Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind he could not move, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe so long as the bergs kept their situation. One night after a violent storm the captain found that his ship had sustained no serious injury, and that the accumulated icebergs had become disarranged and separated, and that a kind of canal had been formed through which his ship could pass. After he had proceeded a few miles a ship made its appearance about midday. The sun shone brightly at the time.

At first the bergs prevented the captain from seeing much of her but her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind, and then grounded and remained motionless. The captain's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately jumped into a boat with several of the crew and rowed toward her. On approaching her he observed that she was considerably weather beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He then hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board an open port hole caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct.

The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, after a few moments pause they descended to the cabins. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren had viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate still retained the same position and was insensible of the entrance of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and the log book lay in front of him.

Neither fuel nor wood could be found anywhere, and the captain was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he could wish. He therefore carried away the log book, returned to his own ship, and steered to the southward deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the dangers of navigating the Polar seas.

On returning to England he made inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared, and by comparing results with the documents he ascertained the name and history of the frozen ship, and found she had been there thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Repeating Telegrams.

Telegraph companies persistently print at the top of their message blanks a warning that they are not responsible for mistakes in transmission, and they also proffer, in very small type, the advice that "to guard against mistakes or delays the sender of a message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison," at an additional charge of one-half the regular rate. The notice has steadily adorned the blanks in spite of court decisions that the companies are responsible for errors, whether the messages are repeated or not, and in spite of the additional fact that it is rarely read, or, if it is, the interest excited is only casual. Nobody ever seems to accept the advice regarding repetition.

An operator, speaking of the old notice recently, said that in an experience of fifteen years he had never seen but one message bearing the order to repeat, and it was regarded as a great curiosity. This message fell a victim to excessive caution. It was bound from New York to San Francisco. It contained but one word, the little word "Yes." It was religiously repeated back from every relay station between the Atlantic and Pacific, but by some misfortune, due to a second of abstraction on the part of an operator, or to a timely but unfortunate "flip" of the instrument, the word was changed to "No." A big row ensued, and an operator in New York nearly lost his position.—New York Times.

Healthfulness of the Electric Light.

The healthfulness of the electric light was recently illustrated in a striking manner. Some railway men were discussing in a car factory the relative advantages of illumination by gas and electricity, and the advocates of each system remained unconvinced by the other. Finally the superintendent of the factory suggested that the matter could easily be put to a practical test, and turning on the gas in the smoking compartment of an adjacent car he invited the officials inside. It is said that their stay was of the briefest, for in a very few minutes even the strongest of them had to succumb to the heat and oppression and to seek the outer air.

A like test, made in a compartment lighted by incandescents, was attended by a very different result, and the verdict which followed was unanimous for the cool, wholesome light. This will readily be understood by those who, accustomed to the electric light, have occasion to sit in gaslit rooms in which the sense of heaviness often becomes oppressive.—New York Telegram.

Making Johnnie Obey.

Dr. Kilson—Johnnie won't show me his tongue, ma'am.

Mrs. Brown—Then give him some of your medicine. That always causes him to make such a face that he can't help putting his tongue out.—Epoch.

WHAT YOUR GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fireplace and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap.

Her great grand-daughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy to be had in the nearest drug store.

HIS FIRST AND LAST ADAGIO.

A Touching Story of an Air That the Late Kaiser Was Very Fond Of.

In the year 1844 Prince Frederick was in his thirteenth year. His music lesson was over one day, and his teacher, Reichardt, the composer of the German patriotic song, "What Is the German Fatherland?" was going away, when the prince said: "Herr Reichardt, papa's birthday will be the 22d of March. Herr Dr. Curtius thought it would be nice for me to learn something special for that day. Will you kindly choose something suitable? It may be something difficult, so that papa sees that I have taken pains to please him. Papa loves music full of soft and tender feeling."

"Yes, royal highness, then we must take a pretty adagio. H—m, h—m," replied Reichardt, who rummaged about the music to find something suitable. Finally he held a piece in his hand longer than he had held the others.

"Is that suitable, Herr Reichardt?"

"Your royal highness, we are not far enough advanced. This is too difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's (F sharp minor) sonata. It will not do. The time is too short."

"Oh, Herr Reichardt," said the prince coaxingly, "I shall be very industrious. Please, please! It will do—it must do!" The prince added gayly: "It will not do 'adagio.' It will go 'forte.' That is what papa always says to me."

The difficult adagio was studied with diligence, pains and perseverance. On the 22d of March the young prince surprised his illustrious father by the performance of the splendid piece, which he played with astonishing firmness and great feeling. His father presented him with a complete outfit of tools for cabinet work for his diligence.

Forty-four years after at the imposing castle of Friedrichskron lay the noble Kaiser Friedrich, the heroic sufferer. His former clear and sunny eyes looked tired. Only at times he seemed to revive—when he looked through the open window into the chief avenue which passes from Pottsdam through the royal gardens at the castle. Then more light and cheerfulness came into his eyes.

The empress entered. She tried to look cheerful as she sat down beside the sick bed of her beloved husband. His countenance suddenly lighted up with a smile at his true and tried companion. With a motion of his hand he signed to her that the pleasant weather pleased him so much.

Toward the last the sufferer could not speak, and he preferred to make signs rather than write notes. The empress asked her husband whether he had special wishes, and after a little pause he motioned piano playing.

"Who shall play?" asked the empress. Then she added, "Will it not excite you too much?"

"No," motioned the kaiser. Then he wrote a little note. "I wish to hear good music; could not Rufer, Victoria's teacher, come?"

"I shall have him asked to come," said the empress. He is over in the Bornstedter church now giving her organ lessons."

The empress gave the required directions, and the composer of "Merlin" appeared. There was a piano in the adjoining room, the doors were opened and the artist seated himself at the piano. The kaiser requested to hear several of his favorite melodies, and listened with evident pleasure to the heart touching tune language.

The master, overcome with emotion, had already played several pieces of his own and of the compositions of others. The kaiser had him thanked every time and asked for more. The closing chords of a melody had again died away when the empress asked him, full of concern, "Tired, or does it excite you?"

The kaiser answered in the negative and again wrote a note: "Only one yet—an adagio from a sonata. It shall be the last." The master in the next room complied with the dying kaiser's wish. He seated himself again at the piano and played a splendid adagio. The sick kaiser listened. His eyes grew brighter. He motioned to the empress and wrote with feverish haste several words: "Forty years ago I played this adagio for my papa's birthday. Certainly not so well. Very pretty. Thanks, Rufer. Last piece; then sleep."

It was really the last piece, this adagio. They were the last musical tones that reached the dying monarch's ears. —Philadelphia Times.

A Diplomatist Downed by a Kitten.

We remember to have seen a distinguished diplomatist, trained to hold his own in the courts of kings, and never at a loss to get out of an embarrassing position or to meet an act of rudeness by a rapier thrust of wit, utterly put down by a small black kitten. The diplomatist had been playing with the kitten, but he went too far. Instead of making fun for the kitten he made fun of her, and this she was quick to see and to resent. Determined to mark her sense of his conduct, she at once put a stop to the game and calmly but resolutely placed her small person in front of the man of ceremony, wrapped her tail neatly round her toes, and gazed at him with an air of pitying contempt.

It was an electric moment, and the rest of the company watched with palpitating eagerness the struggle for ascendency. It proved, however, an unequal contest. After a few moments of regard which told more of sorrow than of anger, the kitten deliberately began to wash her little black face, stopping every now and then, paw in hair, to give a look of faint surprise, mingled with disgust, at her antagonist. The situation speedily became ridiculous, but not for the kitten, and in a very short time the diplomatist had evidently admitted himself beaten.

The kitten then rose, walked to the window and placidly gazed out at the landscape, every curve in her back showing her sense of the bad taste which had characterized the incident that had just terminated.—London Spectator.

To Make an Assignment.

Pretty Daughter (blushingly)—Papa, dear, don't be startled, but—but you are going to place one of your most valued possessions in the hands of—a receiver.

Old Merchant—Bless my soul, child! Does that mean that I am to be a bankrupt?

P. D.—No, papa; only that you are to give a bride to—to dear Arthur.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

ALL OWING TO THE SOIL.

JOHN MOSSBACK, OF WAYBACK, TELLS SOME TALL STORIES.

Four Logs Grew Into a Frame House in One Night and Everything Else Kept Pace—A Flock of Sheep Grew So Mysteriously That John Had to Leave.

"Why, hello, John," said a man who chanced to be passing along the road to John Mossback, of Wayback, whom he met, "how came you in this section of the country? The last I heard you was in Aroostook county, Me., and here I find you way down here; what caused you to leave that place? I hear that it is the garden of Maine."

"Well, you see, mister, that it got too healthy for me up there, and I had to leave."

"Too healthy! How do you make that out? I did not suppose that you could find a place that was too healthy to live in."

"Well, yer see, mister, 'at it is this way, although I don't hardly like ter tell yer, for fear 'at yer will think 'at I'm a lyin'; but I'll risk it anyway, and tell yer a few facts, and then yer'll diskiver wo't I mean by bein' too healthy.

NOT BUILT WITH HANDS.

"W'en I fust went up there I tuck up a farm on w'ot I supposed was about th' richest soil in the county, and I found arter a while that my jedgment was not far out o' th' way. Th' fust day 'at I got there I looked around and selected th' spot where I was goin' to build my house, and as I couldn't find any stones for underpinin' I thought 'at I would build my house, which was a log one, on th' ground, hoping that it would stand until I could build a better one. It was pretty late when I got at work, and I only got the four bottom logs together when I had ter quit, an' I had ter go about a mile ter th' house where I was boardin' until I could get my house ready ter move into. Th' nex' mornin' I started ter go ter my work, an' w'ot was my surprise ter find th' four logs 'at I had laid for th' foundation fer my house had taken root an' grown into a two story frame house, with ell and outbuildings attached, all shingled and clapboarded and ready to move into. I mentioned the fact ter my host, an' he said that was nothin'; 'at th' soil allers did that when it was fust broke, but that I'd get used ter it arter a while.

"I sent for my family the next day, which consisted of my wife an' a 10-year-old boy, an' in about two weeks they come up there, an' all went well until I set my boy ter harrowin'; he bein kind o' lazy, lay down and went to sleep on th' fresh grown. In about two hours he come up ter th' house an' we didn't know him. Grown? Well, I guess so. W'en he went away he was about the size o' any 10-year-old boy, and w'en he come back he was plump six foot tall and weighed 225 pounds.

"W'en it come time ter shoot deer my hired man started out ter see if he couldn't get one. Well, sir, he started a drove and drew 'em out inter one o' my fields and shot three of 'em, an' every one of 'em fell on a piece of broke up 'at we had plowed that week, an' as he couldn't get 'em ter the house alone he came for help, an' my son and I together with a warden who had just got there ter my house started back ter get them, an' sir, you may believe it or not, but w'en we got there we found that them three deer had grown into three moose, an' it cost that man $100 apiece for the two moose which he had, more'n the law allowed him.

GROWTH OF RAILROADS AND MORTGAGES.

"Are they goin' to build that railroad, did you say? No, I don't think they will, for jest as soon as the sleepers strike the sile the blamed things would grow until the whole country would be covered with railroads. I remember one of my neighbors held a mortgage on one of the farms an' he happened to lose it, and didn't find it for two days, an' when he did find it it had grown until it had given him a mortgage of a whole township, and they sent him down the river for forgery, even it was all the falt o' the sile.

Oh, yes! Aroostook county is a nice farmin' country, all yer have ter do is ter plant yer crops and they will grow ter beat thunder. Why I have known men to go there without a cent and clear $300,000 the first year all often potatoes, as they didn't have only one potato to start with, and that being a small one weighed only 600 pounds.

"Everybody would be rich if the debts didn't grow equally with the profits. I 'member one man went ter sellin' machinery, an' he didn't pay up for a year, an' by that time the debts had grown so big that he never has been able ter pay it since.

"Wot made me leave? Well, I'll tell yer. I turned my flock o' sheep out one night, and the next mornin' they had grown so 'at I had 'bout fifty morn'n I turned out th' night afore, and one o' my neighbors hed lost his whole flock, which, strange to say, had drowned, as he never found 'em, but he said that I got 'em, and he made it so uncomfortable for me that I had ter leave. Well, good day, mister, I've got ter leave, as I got ter strike the next town afore night, as my time for leaving the state expires then."—Bangor News.

A Wicked Broker.

Wall street is not often reverent. As proof, or refutation, of this assertion may be cited the remark made by one of the street's "kings" when asked to cease his attacks on a certain stock. The man who urged the request gave as an argument the fact that the "king's" oldest friend had invested heavily in the stock, and was on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Loaded with it, is he?" said the other. "Well, we're told in the good book to 'bear one another's burdens.' I'm going to bear his till I can get it at twenty."—New York Times.

School Days.

Visitor—Do you like going to school, my little man?

Little Man—Yes'm, I like goin', but I don't like stayin'.—Good News.

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 799 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 176 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Newson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Ganzeau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlaxler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 305 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2913 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; E W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 505 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 145 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 880 N Boyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 2 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 885 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 5 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lank, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanaugh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, 88 Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werhelm's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierocini, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill. 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st.; V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Harrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly, Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Audrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st; V.-P., John McGeogehan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 250 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. No. 27—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P. M. J. Sullivan; Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 337 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 258 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1098 W. Lake st.

Div. 32—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2830 Lowe av; V.-P. J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st, Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

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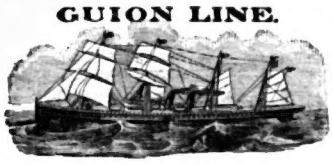

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"I took three persons to the theatre the other night for ten cents and we all sat in the parquet, too," said the young man as he straightened up after a difficult shot across the billiard table.

"Deadhead?" asked several of the bystanders.

"Well, yes and no. I had to pay a lot of car fares too. I had two tickets, but three of us had to go."

"How d'you manage it? Tell us. Such a 'snap' is worth knowing how to work."

"Well, you see, as I say, I had two deadheads and was going to take my wife, but when I got home at night I found my mother-in-law had dropped down on us, and we couldn't leave her home, so I concluded I would take the two and leave them at the theatre and go out and play billiards all the evening.

"So we went, and when I got there I asked the gateman to let me take them to their seats. He knew me and let me in. I saw an empty seat beside them and stopped for a few minutes. The result was I staid through the play and it didn't cost me a cent."

"But how about the car fares? Did you walk and let the other two ride only one way?"

"Not a bit of it. We had to take four different cars, and that made sixty cents."

"Then how do you make out that it cost you only ten cents?"

"Just this way. When I got home, on the sidewalk I found a fifty cent piece, so I was out only ten cents. It foots up this way, you see: The whole performance was worth $3.60. I had $2 worth of deadhead, $1 of cheek, fifty cents of luck, and the ten cents that paid for the whole I don't begrudge."—New York Tribune.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the probate of the will of Mary Keeley, deceased.

To Patrick Fox, Catherine Haggarty, Michael Haggarty, Margaret Prendergast, James Prendergast, John Fox, William Fox, Julia Doyle, John Doyle, Catherine O'Neill, Agnes O'Neill, Mary O'Neill, James O'Neill, Margaret O'Neill and Albert O'Neill, Mary Fox, Mabel Fox, Maggie Fox, Dennis Fox, Carrie Fox, William Fox and Frank Fox, only heirs at-law of said Mary Keeley, deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that a writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Mary Keeley, deceased, has been presented to said court for probate of the same by Patrick O'Neill, who is named therein as executor of said will, upon which will the names of James A. McDowall, Richard Brown and Julia Doyle appear as subscribing witnesses thereto, that said subscribing witnesses reside without the limits of this State, at Sarnia, Lambton County Ontario, and that the undersigned Patrick O'Neill, executor of the said last will and testament of said Mary Keeley, deceased, will on the first day of April, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., apply to said Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for an order directing a dedimus potes atem or commission to issue to D. S. McMillan, a notary public of Sarnia, Lambton county, Ontario, with the will annexed, together with such interrogatories in chief and cross interrogatories as may be filed in said court, to be propounded by said D. S. McMillan to said subscribing witnesses touching the execution of said will, when and where you and each of you may appear and file such cross-interrogatories as you see fit.

Chicago, Feb. 26, 1891.

PATRICK O'NEILL, Executor.

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ESTATE OF MICHAEL SHEEHAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Sheehan deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. DELIA SHEEHAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 20, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS SYNAN, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Synan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. ISABELLA RYAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

SANTA CLAUS
TO MARKET, TO MARKET, AND WHAT SHALL WE BUY? SOME BEANS AND SOME BARLEY, SOME RICE AND SOME RYE. BUT NEVER MIND THOSE IF YOU'LL ONLY BE SURE
AND REMEMBER SOME
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